MY DITTY BAG

CHARLES W. BROWN

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MY DITTY BAG

CAPTAIN JACOB B. BROWN

A Typical Ship Master

MY DITTY·BAG

BY

CHARLES W. BROWN

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Foreword

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon, sailing through the trade winds, it was customary for sailors to take their old chests out of the forecastle, air and repair their clothes, and have a general housecleaning of what was probably all of their earthly possessions, contained in their battered old chests of teak, camphorwood or good pine boards, that showed the scars of age.

In every chest was to be found a "ditty bag," containing their more valued and more portable treasures—a Testament from home, cowries from Sydney, pearl shell from the South Seas, an ornamented whale's tooth, coins, stamps, needles and thread, yarn, photographs of a best girl, Roman ribbon from Naples, and such a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends as was rarely seen in so small a space.

Similarly from my recollections of many years ago I overhaul my mental "Ditty Bag," and produce some offerings of olden days that may possibly interest the present generation.

I am indebted to the editors of *The Atlantic Monthly* for permission to republish an article I wrote on our "Un-Mercantile Marine," which appeared originally in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

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I

The Master Mariners

IFTY years ago, in the seaport towns of New England, the title of Master Mariner was more honored than any degree conferred by college or other educational institution. As evidence of the importance of mariners at that period it is interesting to note the inscription on a statue in the City Hall Grounds at Philadelphia—"Stephen Girard, Mariner and Merchant."

The feeling of admiration for successful seamen was inspired at an early age. Saturday afternoon was a holiday, and the boys saw the large ships building for the foreign trade. They eagerly followed the launching, the placing of the masts and yards; the proper rigging was a source of study and interest, and the boy who had put his hat on the royalmast pole had earned the respect of his companions. A familiarity with ships and sailors was natural to any boy brought up on the seacoast.

On the "Sabbath" the enthusiasm for the sea and sea captains increased rather than diminished. The richest men, the most influential men, and the men who had the best pews in the broad aisle, were Master Mariners, or their necessary coöperators, the ship-owners and ship-builders. As the organist played the "voluntary" before the solemn service began, we boys would glance furtively around the high old-fashioned pews and see the various captains we had heard of, and watch their entrance as though they were great celebrities from the outside world.

One old captain excited my particular admiration. Scant gray side whiskers he had, close

cut; shoulders like Samson's. His build was square, and he walked firm and erect. His arms were as thick as a stunsail yard; mouth large, lips thin and close together, and the entire face indicating power and firmness. Sunday he walked down the church aisle slowly, majestically; his feet encased in thick boots, bladder lined, kept flexible by a specially prepared combination of mutton tallow and black lead, and carefully polished for the occasion. Few of this generation can conceive the work required to shine those boots. He wore English black broadcloth, made up abroad—it being his standard "Sabbath" garb, and so long as his suit kept clean and neat he gave no attention to fleeting fashions. He always carried a massive gold-headed cane, presented to him by the underwriters for bringing home safely, under jury masts, his dismasted ship. In his other hand he carried a carefully brushed and smoothed bell-top hat—perhaps the vintage of ten years past, but no self-respecting captain failed to buy a tall hat when first appointed to take charge of a ship; and unless in case of fire, wreck, moth or rust, the hat was retained and classed like his good ship—A-1 at Lloyd's for fifteen years.

Arrived at his pew door he prepared to make a good landing. Removing his overcoat, with the same care and dignity that he would have required when lowering the topsail yards, he would glance astern and aloft, as though he wished to make sure that the choir was safe in the gallery; then with a reverent, although not a deferential, air he would look at the pastor in the high pulpit, and settle himself at the end of the pew, alert, attentive, stiff as a statue, mindful of all the churchly forms, and a sincere and respectful worshiper. To me, in my boyhood days, this captain inspired hardly less awe than the Creator. I could conceive of no more powerful and majestic earthly image.

Having gratified my admiration by gazing at my particular hero, and letting my imagination run riot in thinking of his great adventures, I could vary my thoughts by contemplating the captain sitting near by, who had made his fortune in the Mobile trade when freights were one penny per pound for cotton, but he did not seem as interesting and romantic as the bronzed and bearded captain in an adjoining pew, who had always voyaged to China and the East Indies. That quiet, modest, fine-looking old gentleman

had the reputation of being an awful fighter, and was supposed to be able to lick anybody who sailed the Western Ocean. It was reported that he measured forty-eight inches around his chest, and few could withstand a blow from his hard clenched fist; but his fingers were relaxed over the back of the pew, and he looked gentle and meek despite his dread reputation.

In the side aisle was another fighter. His head and face were badly scarred as the result of a row he had had when second mate, when, though stabbed and cut, he had turned out of the forecastle a refractory watch, and wielded a heaver with such force and effect that several men were unable to work for weeks. And that quiet little brown man sitting yonder, so devout. Could it really be he who had shot two sailors on his last voyage around Cape Horn to the Chinchas, when they refused to work longer at the pumps and tried to mutiny and desert the ship?

Another captain always joked with us boys, and gave us money when we met him, but somehow, while we liked him, we regarded him as one who had needlessly relaxed his dignity.

One Sunday we heard that handsome Captain

Ned Graves, kind and courtly, but with a look that always commanded attention and respect, had been lost off Mauritius in a hurricane, and his ship, the *Tennyson,* crew, cargo and all, sunk in the fathomless depths of the Indian Ocean. The simple and heartfelt prayers offered by our pastor after hearing of this disaster have been remembered by me these many years.

Now all of these captains have taken their last cruise. Their pews are unfilled in the old church; successors they have none. They never can have under new and modern conditions. They were *men*—bold, brave, honest, adventurous—men who did something, who made their mark on their generation, who acquired a vast fund of practical knowledge from hard experience, diligent study, and travel all over the world. Comparing my boyish ideals with Charlie Chaplin, Jack Dempsey, and rich, unprincipled speculators of the present day (about whom, I suppose, boys now talk) overcome by money-madness and greed, it seems to me the old Master Mariners stand well by comparison.

The love of adventure, prompt action, and quick decision was implanted at an early age in these young mariners. As an illustration of this

I quote from the Boston *Olive Branch,* of October 12, 1850, as follows:

"A friend of ours has a sailor brother, a lad of some fifteen years of age. From what we hear of his feats, we should judge he was destined to push his way along as a man among men. One of these feats was the following: On a recent voyage from Wales to New York a favorite cat belonging to the captain of the ship fell into the ocean. The vessel was out of sight of land at the time, and the wind blowing what the sailors call a 'stiff breeze.' At the moment the cat reached the water, and was struggling for dear life, the young seaman leaped over the taffrail, and plunged at once into the 'deep, deep sea'! He soon appeared on the surface of the waves with poor pussy in his bosom, and before the captain could launch a boat or throw him a life-buoy he had reached a rope that was lowered to him from the ship (that in the meantime had 'rounded to'), and was tripping safely over the deck. 'Why!' exclaimed the captain, recovering from his astonishment, as he gazed on the dripping sailor-boy, who still held the panting cat in his arms, 'Why, what did you jump overboard in that way for?' 'I jumped to save

the cat, Captain,' answered the brave lad; 'I thought she was too good a puss to be lost.' 'Well,' said the captain, 'go change your clothes. You are "bound to put it through" this world if anybody can.'

"A few days after the same lad was on the foretopsail yard, engaged at work, when the topgallant mast was suddenly carried away. As he saw the wreckage going down toward him the hardy fellow made a second leap, cleared the ship's side, and bounded again into the waves. In a moment he arose from the water like a leaping fish, and as the vessel came up to the wind he caught another rope, and was once more safely on deck.

"What a feat! But by leaping into the sea the boy escaped being crushed by the falling spars on the vessel, and probably saved his life. It was as cool in calculation as it was brave in the act.

"The captain said again, 'Well, my boy, what now? Are you hurt?' 'Not a bit, sir! How could I swim if I had been? I'm ship-shape and sailor fashion.'

" 'Yes, I see you are—and it's my opinion you will keep so through life.'

"We are of the same opinion with the captain."

The foregoing incident actually occurred on board the ship *Bengal* (Captain Isaac Bray, of Newburyport), and the boy, my father, Jacob B. Brown, was afterwards for many years a successful shipmaster.

II

More Mariners

THE following extracts from a simple and veracious journal of the late Captain Joseph A. Janvrin, of Newburyport, illustrate the training and hardships of the sailor boys of the period referred to.

"In November, 1843, my father had just finished his summer work, mackerel fishing, in his schooner *Reward,* of forty-seven tons, and had accepted a charter to go to Bangor for a cargo of oak butts, and he asked me if I would like to accompany him. Having a natural desire to follow the sea, this was not a hard question for me to answer, and I told him I should be pleased to go. Well do I remember the great interest my dear mother manifested in me, and her desire that I should have everything done that would add to my comfort; her thorough looking over my clothes and packing them in my little trunk; beside putting in a good supply of cookies and

cake, together with a few lemons in case I was seasick, was the work of a mother.

"The day of sailing arrived, and my young heart was buoyant with the thought of going to sea. We cast off from Cushing's Wharf about noon, with a fine fair wind, and it was not long before we were over the bar and into Ipswich Bay. In the meantime the wind had hauled to the S.W., and came on to blow a good whole sail breeze. After we had passed the range of Cape Ann the S.W. sea was making up, and as our little *Pinky* was in ballast she was like an egg shell, on the top of every little sea and in the trough of the same, and her feeling of uneasiness created in me a feeling not only of uneasiness but of real sickness such as I had never experienced before, and from what I had heard of seasickness I concluded that I had it. An extra lurch brought about the fact, and my dinner was spread out before me.

"We arrived in Bangor, and in a short time we had received all the cargo our little craft would carry in the hold, and a partial deck load, and we started for home. After we had cleared the mouth of the Penobscot the weather came on very threatening, with the wind from the

N.E., and finally freshened until it settled down into one of our old-time northeasters. At this time we were running under a three-reefed foresail and bob jib. Our crew consisted of my father, two men, and myself. Of course I feel obliged to mention myself in the list of the crew, but I shall never be any more dead than I was that night—only that I was breathing. Just fancy a little boy of eight years of age starting out in life under such circumstances, and in that heavy gale.

"During the time that my father owned the *Reward* he was very fortunate in getting good fares, and money came to him easily and plentiful. He always made a practice of buying a general cargo of fresh and salt fish, apples, onions, etc., in the fall, and would go to Baltimore and hire a stall in the market, and lay there in the basin until all was sold out. Then he would buy a cargo of corn for Boston. The last year that he owned the *Reward* I went to Baltimore with him. While he would attend the markets there I went to Washington, D. C., where I stopped four weeks in the market, with good success, attending to business during the a.m., and going to the Capitol in the p.m., thus

having a good opportunity to enjoy the speeches in the House and Senate.

"The following spring I sailed for more southern waters off Sandy Hook, to begin my first summer's work in the mackerel fishing business (I being nine years of age the following October), and during the following four months I earned my father a large sum of money for a boy. From the time I started, until I left school and began going on long voyages, I had earned about $1800.00 and one summer in particular I earned $294.00. When circumstances would permit I was supposed to study and recite to my father every day, and in this way, and by putting in extra study, I kept along with my class in school. I had about seven months of the year in the schoolhouse until I was seventeen years of age."

It is not in accord with our modern ideas to send a boy nine years old to earn his own living on a mackerel schooner, but few of our modern youngsters earn $1800.00 during their school days, and fewer still would spend their leisure hours listening to speeches in Washington. The old-fashioned educational methods may have been crude, but they inculcated industry, thrift,

observation, and self-reliance—and the opportunities to acquire knowledge were more appreciated than they are now.

Illustrating the method of educating boys on shipboard, I remember a Scotch boy, David, who was in the same watch with me on my first voyage to sea. He had been cabin boy for a short cruise on an English ship, and thought he knew something about his duties and what was expected of him, but he had much to learn of the different discipline and customs prevailing on American vessels. David did not have the proper respect for his superior officers, and the mate perceived quite early in the voyage that David's early nautical education had been neglected.

The man at the wheel was not supposed to chew tobacco, or in any event not to expectorate on the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck. Whether the mate saw Davy violate this rule, or whether the white paint on the rail betrayed his indiscretion, I do not recall, but when he was relieved from the wheel the mate told him to bring aft the funnel used for filling the tanks, and to draw a bucket of salt water. The unsuspecting youth did as he was told. Then he was

commanded, "Lay down there, and put the funnel in your mouth." Davy thought of remonstrating, but the mate had the forceful presence of Rider Haggard's "She, Who Must Be Obeyed." The mate threw the bucket of salt water into the funnel, and the gasping boy was told to rinse his mouth, when the dose was repeated. The practical moral was not to again get caught chewing tobacco on the quarter-deck. Maybe the soldiers in the Philippines got their idea of water cure from the Mariners.

A few nights after the occurrence last mentioned we were setting the main topgallant sail, after a fresh gale, which was beginning to subside. The man on the yard yelled to "Let go the buntlines and leechlines," so that he could overhaul them aloft. David, by mistake, let go the clewline before they were ready to sheet home; consequently the sail threshed around, and was likely to be split in ribbands. Finally the sail was set without any accident. David was damned and cuffed, but he was tough and careless, and forgot all about his lubberly conduct until the next night, when the mate called him down to the main rigging.

The leechline, buntline and clewline all came

down the shroud and through the same fair-leader, the leechline through the hole furthest forward, the clewline in the center, and the buntline furthest aft, and they were belayed on the pins in this order.

The mate asked Davy, "What rope is this?" If he guessed correctly the mate hit him a good lick with a rope's-end, and would say, "That's the buntline, remember it." If he guessed incorrectly he got two or three blows, and was shown the right rope. If the pupil seemed obstinate or stupid the blows were harder and more frequently administered. After ten or fifteen minutes David could pick out the right rope quickly and accurately, and he never forgot the knowledge thus acquired. I am confident that the Squeer's method of teaching was antedated by nautical practice.

Nowadays if we had any sailing vessels, under similar circumstances the boys would be found in the forward cabin, looking at moving pictures of the different ropes and sails, and the mate would deliver a gentle and instructive discourse on the uses of the ropes under consideration, and he would politely intimate to the young gentlemen present that they must be

careful and not let go a clewline instead of a leechline, as by such carelessness they might throw a man off the yard or tear the sail. Then if the session had lasted over an hour the boys would probably be exhausted, and the steward would be ordered to serve toasted marshmallows.

When I recall that Decatur was a midshipman in our navy when he was thirteen years old, and that it was not uncommon for the mariners of fifty years ago to go to sea and earn their living before they were thirteen years old, I wonder if some of our protective laws against child labor are going to be as beneficial for the coming generation as it is anticipated that they will be. The old-fashioned virtues of energy, industry and application seem to be largely forgotten.

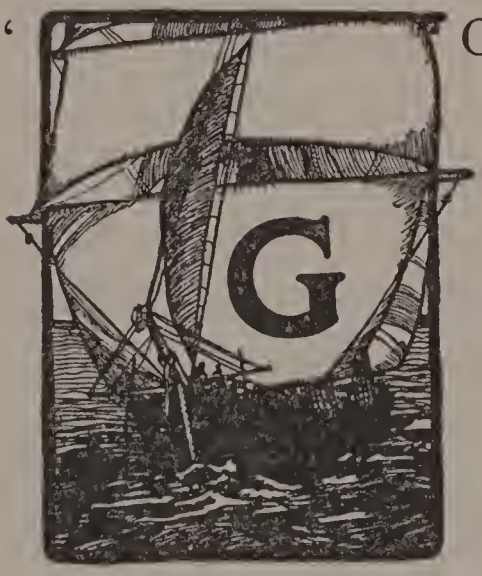
The old Master Mariners were inclined to be arbitrary, and had decided convictions and principles, to which they adhered with great tenacity, as illustrated by an anecdote of Captain Zeke Crowell. This captain was capable and successful, and commanded some of the best whaling ships sailing out of New Bedford, but his one fault was that instead of looking on the wine when it was red he drank various and sundry alcoholic stimulants without stop-

ping to scrutinize them very closely; and when he went on a time, as he did once in every two or three months, depending upon opportunity and disposition, he was likely to have a real spree. In those days it was quite popular to take pledges, and there were frequent temperance revivals and many temperance societies. Captain Crowell's friends reasoned with him and endeavored to have him reform his habits, and just prior to the departure of his vessel on a long whaling cruise Captain Zeke had been having a real debauch, and the day prior to his departure he had a very bad head and was feeling very repentant. At the solicitation of some of his friends, and his shipowners, he walked up two flights of stairs to the office of the local temperance society, and told the young lady acting as secretary that she could take his application for membership, and he signed the application book. He then had the comfortable feeling that he was a full-fledged temperance man, but as his vessel proceeded to the Western Islands, his first port of call, he was rather lonely, and when he would walk the deck at night the thought frequently came to his mind that a little alcoholic stimulant was much to be

desired. However, he left port after nobly resisting the temptation. There was even a stronger temptation later on the voyage when he called at Honolulu, and afterwards at the Bay of Islands, but he kept his pledge and principles in mind and refused to yield to his desires. He made a successful voyage, and while returning to New Bedford, with a full cargo of oil, the more he thought on the subject the more he decided that teetotalism was a failure, and that he would resign from the temperance society as soon as he landed in New Bedford. Day after day he had more pleasing expectations of the glorious spree he would have when his resignation was accepted. As soon as his vessel was fast at the wharf he again proceeded to the office of the secretary, said good morning, and stated that he was going to resign from the society, and would have no further obligations. The secretary said, "Why, Captain Crowell, you were never elected to the society. The president said he knew you could not keep your pledge two weeks." The old man, according to tradition, proceeded to celebrate as he never had before, but his firmness and sense of honor were commendable.

III

Captains and Sailors

"  OING to sea" was a hard life. Much has been said and written about the brutality and cruelty of the old shipmasters. A ship's forecastle was not a good place for a weakling. Dudes were at a discount. Men were expected to "step lively" when orders were given, and prompt obedience was demanded and speedily enforced. The language used was rough and forcible. A blow frequently followed a command, and sometimes they were in close company. A man who became an officer frequently had to fight for his promotion. If an officer could not enforce his orders by using his fists he might use a belaying pin, a heaver, or a slung shot—but he must get obedience. All this was expected, and was considered by those interested as a part of the game.

It was very seldom that sober sailors who were civil were mistreated, but impudence and incompetence are cardinal sins at sea. Many crews contained some of the roughest and toughest men in the world—desperadoes of all nationalities, who could be controlled only by fear and brute force. And proper discipline must be maintained.

A shipmaster who was so disposed had exceptional opportunities to exhibit his cowardice and to bully his crew. He was under no restraint. The law, when invoked, was on his side. Disobedience was mutiny, and mutiny was severely punished. It was seldom that a sailor would strike an officer, much less a captain. He who was in authority could choose his own time for causing trouble. If a sailor was killed, captain or officer was not often convicted. The record of the official log was carefully worded to justify any unusual act on the part of the authorities. Testimony was quickly suppressed or manufactured. Witnesses were easily disposed of in foreign ports. Sailors whose testimony was feared were promptly turned over to the boarding-house keepers. After a short debauch they were put on board some vessel

about to sail for another part of the world. It was always assumed that the punishment, or even death, of a sailor was caused by his rebelling against the duly constituted authorities. In many cases this was so, but it would be useless to deny that seamen were occasionally, if not frequently, brutally treated, and sometimes, although rarely, murdered on the high seas.

One of the most common methods of bullying a sailor who had incurred the ill-will of an officer was to nag him when he was steering. In a heavy sea, with a strong wind, a vessel would frequently get a point off the compass course for a short time. By watching the horizon an officer could easily see when this happened, and would quickly glance in the binnacle and ascertain exactly how much the deviation was. He would then proceed to abuse the helmsman accordingly, although the latter was likely to be a most competent man.

When a ship was "on the wind" it was even easier to find fault. If she was well up in the wind, and the light sails freely lifting, a surly common question was, "What the hell are you doing there—trying to shake the sticks out of her?" Or if the ship was being kept a good full,

the query was, "What's the matter with you—trying to make a free wind out of it? Don't you know enough to steer?" And a constant criticism of the helmsman was kept up, coupled with sarcasm and profanity, which was most irritating.

If the poor sailor ventured a reply, the officer got the opportunity he was seeking. The sailor would have both of his hands on the wheel, and the bully would roughly say, "Talk back to me, will you?" and before the helmsman knew what had happened he was punched several times on the face. If he offered any resistance he got more. The mate always had the great advantage of choosing his time, and the man would be half licked before he could defend himself. If any real resistance was expected, more blows, and harder, were given to the unfortunate victim, and a sailor was always obliged to clean up his own blood from the quarter deck in his watch below. This was supposed to be conducive to good discipline. If a sailor had the reputation of being a fighter, he was slugged with a belaying pin instead of a fist. Any investigation of such an occurrence always resulted in the acquittal of the officer. The sailor was

invariably logged as incompetent and insubordinate.

Remember that a sea captain, if he was not on good terms with the mates, was almost in solitary confinement—not speaking to any one for weeks and months, except to give commands. He was frequently exhausted from exposure and care, often lonely and irritable—yet clothed with absolute power. Is it any wonder if under these conditions a man yielded to temptation and abused his authority? How easy to throw a belaying pin at an offending sailor; how easy to be a petty tyrant! I have seen many meaner bullies in an office on shore, and much more irritating exercise of authority by men in executive positions in corporations. The master mariners had exceptional opportunities to bully, abuse, and oppress, and considering the circumstances connected with their career they were just and moderate as a class in exercising a very unusual authority. They were far from being the demons they have been frequently represented as having been.

Some sea captains were men of deep, simple religious convictions. I quote again from Captain Janvrin's journal:

"On arriving at Liverpool I was again given command of the *Lawrence Brown,* sailed for Swansea, Wales, and loaded coal blocks for Yokohama, Japan. This passage is a memorable one. When off the Cape of Good Hope I had some trouble with the carpenter. On the night of October 18, 1868 (my birthday), when about one hundred miles to the westward of Australia, in the quiet of one of the most delightful nights, alone in my cabin, I entered into a covenant with my Creator that I would endeavor to please Him in all things. The next morning was Sunday. I told the mate my experience during the night, and for him to notify all hands that I would hold divine service in the cabin at nine o'clock. Also that he must not wash the deck Sunday mornings. I went on deck, and it seemed as though I never saw such order—every rope coiled in a Flemish coil. At a few minutes before nine the bell on the forward house began to toll. I soon heard the tramp of the sailors' feet, with Mr. Hotchkiss, the mate, at the head of them. I went to the cabin door to meet them, and had them form a semi-circle around the capstan. I felt that my first duty (if I was to be a Christian) was to

settle with the carpenter. I called him, and said, 'Carpenter, I am very sorry for the trouble we have had, and I ask your forgiveness.' He laid his head on my shoulder and wept like a child. That scene I shall never forget, for the whole ship's company, including myself, were in tears. It is wonderful what the Spirit of God can do with strong men who have been enemies. He said, 'You were not to blame, sir, as I had provoked the quarrel,' and asked my forgiveness for what he had done. I asked them into the cabin, and we had a good meeting."

Sunday schools were not common on shipboard; but neither were shambles. The alleged brutalities on shipboard have been frequently referred to and usually magnified, while the good deeds of the old captains have commonly been forgotten.

Some few commanders were notably brutal. One captain I knew of did occasionally discharge his revolver at men on the yards who did not move fast enough to suit him. But in the early eighties conditions on shipboard were much better than in the previous generation. World communication was easier and more frequent; the United States authorities were more

alert; genuine investigations were made at ports of destination, and the class of sailors was better, so far as character was concerned. The more docile Scandinavians did not require the same severe treatment as the Western Ocean packet sailors. There were fewer fighting Irishmen than in the earlier days of the American mercantile marine. As a class the old shipmasters were dignified, competent, and good disciplinarians, and if they occasionally lapsed into meanness and brutality it should be remembered that they were clothed with great authority, and had exceptionally strong temptations to exercise it.

IV

Mutiny

ONE of the most thrilling events in my day on an American vessel was the famous mutiny on the ship *Frank N. Thayer*. I was in St. Helena a few weeks after this occurrence was reported, and the following account is substantially the one given by Hon. James A. MacKnight, who was United States consul at that time. I afterwards met Captain Clark in New York, and the story is a true recital of an actual adventure.

There had been a shortage of sailors when the *Thayer* was ready to sail for home from the Philippine Islands. To fill his crew the captain shipped two Filipino sailors at Ilo-Ilo—neither of whom could speak a word of English, and

both of whom showed sullen and ugly dispositions from the day they came aboard.

The first real trouble with them arose when the ship was in the Indian Ocean, and one of the mates whipped them into line with a rope's end. When the ship was rounding the Cape of Good Hope on a beautiful day in January (that being the summer season in the South Atlantic), the two Filipinos were again obstreperous, and were again given the rope. It was believed that they harbored resentment for these floggings, and that what followed was the direct result of this feeling.

At midnight the first and second mates met on deck, as was their custom, and sat down to chat a moment on a hatch near the front door of the captain's cabin.

By this time the men were pretty well strung out, going and coming along the deck, when, unnoticed by any one, the two Filipinos, with double-edged knives concealed in each hand, met near where the mates sat and fell upon them with such fatal effect that both were mortally stabbed; and in an instant, in less time than it takes to tell it, the two savages ran right and left, stabbing each and every man they

could reach. They quickly slew the man at the wheel and threw him overboard; and in like manner served the carpenter in his bunk next to the galley, the man on the lookout on the anchor deck, and others. The cook they locked in the galley, with orders to prepare a feast for them of all the poultry and other good things on board, under pain of instant death.

After being stabbed the first mate staggered along the deck to the door of the forecastle, where he succumbed. The second mate, in trying to give the captain the alarm, fell down the steps of the cabin and breathed his last before he could utter a sound, except a death cry that escaped him as he fell.

This aroused Captain Clark, who sprang from his bed with only his night-clothes on and his feet bare. He was unarmed. As he ran up the after companion-way one of the mutineers met him on the stairs and began to stab him with both of his double-edged knives. The captain had the good luck to strike him a stunning blow with his fist, which caused him to return up the stairs on all fours, while the captain himself staggered back in his cabin weltering in his own blood. Terrible gashes had been made in his

head, face and shoulder, and from a gaping wound in his left side his lung protruded. He was entirely ignorant as to who was his assailant, or what all the commotion meant. He did not know until later that his second mate lay dead in the forward room of the cabin, or of any of the work done by the two savages on the deck.

His delicate little wife was the only one who came to his relief. Both knew instinctively that a mutiny had broken out, and that they were facing a fight for their lives. Mrs. Clark knew that her only hope was in saving the life of her husband. With his life-blood ebbing away so that he could scarcely speak, he helped her to brace him in a corner of the cabin, and the little girl, almost frightened to death, brought the two big Colt revolvers which he kept under his pillow.

When Sunday dawned this was the situation on the doomed ship: Mrs. Clark was still working to save the life of the captain. The wounded and dead members of the crew were in the forecastle, the door barred against them by a heavy plank, which was braced against the ship's rail. One man, who had escaped with a slight wound,

was hidden in the captain's bathroom, just outside the other cabin door, and had locked himself in there to escape the Filipinos.

Meantime they had found that the captain was not dead, and tried to devise means to finish him. There were, of course, no firearms on board except those in the captain's keeping. The Filipinos soon rigged some weapons, however, with which they could kill a foe at a distance. They were formed by lashing sharp knives on the ends of long bamboo poles. Two of these improvised javelins were hurled through the skylight into the cabin, but the captain's bullets drove the Filipinos off before they could get accurate range.

All day Sunday the Filipinos amused themselves feasting on deck, and hurling missiles of all kinds through the windows at the men they had caged in the forecastle.

Late on Monday the Captain decided to venture on deck, with the assistance of the man from the bathroom, and this enabled the man in the mizzen rigging to come down. The report says:

"From that moment the drama moved with lightning speed. The man from the bathroom

was afraid of a pistol, but the other took one and went gunning for the Filipinos. They skulked about forward, hiding behind any object that would shelter them, and sticking out an arm now and then to brandish their bloody knives. The braver sailor halted them and managed to shoot one in the leg. This wretch immediately jumped overboard, and a big shark took him as soon as he struck the water."

The other savage, uttering a yell of defiance and flourishing his knife over his head, sprang down a hatch which had been left open in fine weather for ventilation. In a moment clouds of smoke issued from the hatch. He had fired the hemp bales in all directions, and the ship was afire.

The sailor with the revolver went down the hatch to try to shoot the Filipino, but he was driven back by the smoke. Finally the savage sprang out with a yell, and went over the side with bullets flying after him. The sharks took him also.

However, a worse fate was now impending for the other survivors. The flames were spreading with such rapidity that it was a problem to launch a boat with the few available men. The

flames had all the after part of the ship, and the captain and his family had gone forward, taking with them the ship's compass and chronometer, and such other articles as they could carry.

Seventeen out of the twenty-six of the ship's company managed to get into an open boat, and after many days of suffering and suspense reached the Island of St. Helena, eight hundred miles away.

Captain Clark finally recovered, and moved to California.

Mutinies were very rare, and this mutiny on the *Thayer* was the only well authenticated case of a real mutiny on an American ship that I heard of during my sea-going days.

V

Fishy

I HAVE often wondered when fish sleep. That they can follow a vessel day after day, apparently as long as they desire, is indicated by the following extract from a journal I kept in 1885:

"The day that we crossed the equator we had quite an exciting time catching seventeen fine, fat bonitos. I caught seven within ten minutes, using white rag for bait, and the fish for a while bit furiously, as fast as I could haul them in. These bonitos were like very large plump mackerel, about two feet long. They were very un-

certain about biting. This same school of fish would at times jump and sport in the water, very close to the vessel, but would not pay any attention to bait for days at a time, although occasionally we could get them by throwing a 'grains,' a four-pronged fish spear, used like a harpoon, and thrown from the martingale, or ship's deck. As the ship dashes through the water, to strike regularly requires a good eye and considerable skill. Like all deep-water fish, the bonito is rather dry, but baked with butter-sauce is a good substitute for bluefish.

"This same school of fish followed us nearly to the Western Islands, over two thousand miles, and were in sight for fourteen days. We had seen them every day, but at night they congregated more closely together, swimming along under each quarter and around the rudder. Near the equator the ocean was full of small phosphorescent animalcula. The ship's wake was like a pale, sparkling calcium light, in liquid form, strewn with flashing bright beads, and the fish showing dark as they would swim in this phosphorescence. The effect was very beautiful as they darted from side to side, disturbing the brilliant water in their movement. They were

so clearly perceived that some nights we tried to strike them with the grains, but without success, owing—I think—to miscalculating their depth.

"It is hardly conceivable that we have been escorted by successive relays of bonito, relieved by other squads of the same species, and we are certain that these fish are the same that started north with us. I wonder when they sleep! Evidently, while they swim, or after a long period of wakefulness. I also wonder how fast fish swim. I have seen porpoises plunging and leaping around the bow of a steamer going twenty knots an hour as easily as they gambol under the bow of a sailing ship.

"As we have caught all of the fresh fish that we could use, many of the crew are feeling ill effects from their feasting. One man is quite badly poisoned—laid up all day.

"Many deep-water fish are poisonous at certain times and in certain localities, if eaten too freely, or some fish if even tasted. There are various theories to account for these facts, one of which is that the fish feed on barnacles adhering to the ship's copper, and in this way become contaminated. Another supposition is that if

the fish are too old, or eaten in the breeding season, they are injurious, and an old sailor supposition is that these fish are only uneatable if they have at some time tasted human flesh. This reminds me that since the volcanic eruption of Krokatoa the Europeans in Java and other Eastern colonies shun fish as food."

I am ready to make an affidavit to the foregoing fish story, and this could be confirmed by another living and reliable witness.

Captain Joshua Slocum, in his book "Sailing Alone Around the World," relates the following incident:

"One of this little school of deserters was a dolphin, that had followed the *Spray* about a thousand miles, and had been content to eat scraps of food thrown overboard from my table, for, having been wounded, it could not dart through the sea to prey on other fishes."

It would be unusual for a sailor to write anything about fish without some reference to sharks. Sailors hate sharks with a holy hatred, cruel, persistent, and unwarranted. It is hardly worth while to say a good word for sharks, but their evil reputation has been greatly exaggerated. I am confident that very few sharks eat

live men, and many fish will eat dead men. I have never known a man who was actually attacked by a shark, and I have never met a man who had himself seen a shark attack a full grown man. I have seen men of all colors swimming, without any molestation, in water infested with sharks. Once in going to Shanghai via the Ombay Passage, our vessel struck at night a dangerous coral reef under water, near the Boe Islands, and we could not get her off until we finally jettisoned over a hundred tons of cargo. At daylight our captain wished to get some idea of the extent of the damage to the ship's bottom and how she was lying on the reef, and he asked if any of the crew were good divers. A Greek, "Jim," reported that he had worked as a diver, and he was quite willing to make the examination required for twenty-five dollars. The water was calm and clear, and we could see twenty or thirty sharks swimming around—some of them very large. In response to an inquiry, Jim said he was not afraid, but he put his sheath knife in his mouth when he dived. He made repeated descents, and the sharks paid no attention whatever to him. Jim told me that when he worked as a diver a shark once came

too close and he thought the creature was going to bite, so he hacked at him with his knife, and the shark swam away frightened.

Once, after coming through the Torres Straits, we anchored near Rennells Island, and when we tried to get under way in the early morning we found that our chain cable was fouled around the coral bottom, and it took us so long to get it clear that it was too late to make a start that day. In the afternoon we went on board a little schooner from the northwestern coast of Australia, that was engaged in pearl shell fishing, and the natives were regularly diving in their bare skins, although they could plainly see several large sharks near the bottom. There was one small native boy about twelve years old whose right shoulder showed a frightful scar, where he had recently been bitten by a shark. His wound was barely healed, so was of recent origin. The captain told me that it was quite a small shark that had attacked the boy, and that several of the natives, with their knives, had jumped overboard, and finally frightened the shark from his prey. I asked the captain how he had treated the boy's lacerated shoulder. "Oh," he said, "we soaked tobacco leaves

in salt water and applied them as a poultice." I do not presume that this would be in accordance with modern antiseptic treatment, but it was wonderfully successful in this particular case.

If you kicked a self-respecting shark in the face he might resent such treatment. I am ready to admit that some sharks have particularly mean and vicious dispositions. When urged by unusual hunger a shark might become bold and savage, but I am convinced that under ordinary conditions he will not attack an adult.

Sailors are very cruel and vindictive when they catch a shark—always cutting his tail off, so that he cannot swim. Disemboweling, permanently forcing his jaws open with a strong stick, and putting hot bricks down his throat before he is thrown overboard, are ways in which the sailors torture him.

Sharks are scavengers, but they are not always voracious, and the "shovel nose" shark is often quite epicurean.

People who have only seen sharks eat from a baited hook are responsible for the very general belief that it is necessary for sharks to turn on

their backs before taking food into their mouths. Eating meat suspended on a line does not indicate the common condition under which a shark feeds.

Sharks turn slightly in feeding, because their noses are a little in the way, but they do not have to get on their backs by any means, and I have seen a shark gobble a piece of meat that was thrown overboard with a very slight, almost imperceptible, turn of the head.

Many of the West India natives, when in swimming, are more afraid of the "barracoota" than they are of sharks.

A swordfish is not afraid of anything that swims, and it is comparatively easy after a swordfish is sighted to bring a schooner, or sloop, so near to him that he can be harpooned from the bowsprit end. The wooden shaft of the harpoon becomes detached, and the steel barb remains embedded in the flesh, with a small rope no larger than a clothesline attached. This rope is wound around a small empty keg, which is thrown overboard when a fish is struck, and as it swims away the keg revolves rapidly until the line is all unwound, and the keg serves as a buoy to indicate about where the fish is when

he dashes for liberty and endeavors to detach the barb that has pierced his flesh.

A dory is then launched from the larger vessel with one man, who picks up the keg and carefully coils up the line as he hauls in, so that if the fish takes a strong run there is no danger of fouling the line. If the harpoon has not penetrated a vital part, the fish may tow the boat for an hour or more before becoming exhausted, but when the experienced fisherman realizes that the time is ripe he starts pulling on the line, playing the fish when the strain becomes too great, and finally hauling him to the surface within reach of a long sharp lance, with which he stabs the fish repeatedly through the gills until he is dead. Now this seems easy, but on the Grand Banks, in a rough sea, if a large fish is struck, the man in the dory is frequently alone on the wide Atlantic for several hours before he can kill his fish.

Some swordfish weigh as much as one thousand pounds, and if a swordfish "goes crazy," as the sailors say, he is likely to attack the boat. It is very easy for him to put his sword through the bottom of the frail dory. In the British Museum I saw the broken sword of a fish that

had gone through the outer and inner planking of a vessel and penetrated an oil barrel—nearly seven inches of solid oak wood in all. It is easy to realize that seven or eight hundred pounds of fish going at the speed of twenty or thirty miles per hour acquires a tremendous impetus.

Once I saw a large swordfish, that was being stabbed by the dory man, wrench himself in his death struggle free from the harpoon. He broke out of water at least ten feet straight up in the air, and, seeing the yacht, which seemed to be the cause of his misfortunes, he started for the schooner at full speed, ramming her with force enough to have sent his sword through several inches of plank. The impact with the schooner's steel side must have given a frightful jar to the unfortunate fish.

My brother is a very enthusiastic and skilful swordfisherman. For many years he has had in his employ Henry, a fine stalwart French Canadian, standing six feet, and weighing two hundred pounds, and a very powerful man. He rates as second mate of the good schooner yacht *Mariette,* and is also fisherman in chief and yarn-spinner extraordinary. As a nautical raconteur Henry would take a prize at any fish

fair. Henry gave me a method for landing a swordfish which I commend to the attention of ambitious fishermen.

A few years ago we were after swordfish off Cape Breton Island, making Arichat our port of departure each morning, and in late August and early September this is one of the best sword-fishing grounds on the coast.

One day we had excellent luck, striking four fish before noon. Henry always had his place in the first dory, and was ambitious to get all the fish he could without any assistance from other members of the crew. After playing his first fish about fifteen minutes, as we knew Henry would endeavor to land him quickly, we watched him through our glasses. After the usual stabbing, instead of towing the fish to the big boat, as is customary, we saw Henry apparently take the fish in his arms and pull him in the dory, after which he rowed briskly toward the second keg.

After dinner that night I went forward where Henry was taking his usual smoke, and said to him, "Henry, I have knocked around the world quite a bit, and have seen some fishing, but I never before saw a man get a two-hundred-and-

fifty-pound fish on board a dory in the open ocean." Henry replied, "Oh, that was nothing, Captain Charles," and he then gave me the following recipe: "Fasten his tail over the gunwale to the after thwart; put his sword over your shoulder; put your big finger in his eyeball; grab him with your other hand near his tail; when she rolls to leeward pull hard as the boat rolls back, and the 'Cot damn fish he got to come.' " Henry said he had landed fish in this way weighing nearly four hundred pounds. I will swear to this one that weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds.

VI

Co-operation Aided Greatly in the Success and Development of Our Old Mercantile Marine.

HERE has never been any better example of coöperation than was shown during the most prosperous period of American shipping. Vessels were frequently divided into shares, representing one hundred and twenty-eighths. The builders and captain were usually the largest owners, but often some local capitalist would take one-eighth or one-quarter interest and have the vessel named for him.

The blacksmith, painter, caulker, rigger, sailmaker, ship chandler and shipbroker were frequently joint owners, sincerely and selfishly interested in building and equipping the vessel in a thorough and efficient manner.

No poor materials were likely to be put into a ship built under the constant supervision of those most interested. The captain watched each plank that was put in, and carefully inspected all the material and workmanship. All the owners were practical men, who criticized freely. Workmen were paid by the day, and they took pride in their work. Those vessels were built and sailed upon honor. Dishonesty was rare, and the profits, while frequently large, were always legitimate.

When a boy, I remember seeing a caulker whom I knew coming home quite late one summer night. I asked him where he had been, and he said he was working on a vessel under construction and wanted to finish entirely some seams and butts, as he thought it might rain before Monday and ultimately cause damage. He got no extra pay for overtime, but he was sufficiently well paid to be interested in his work. The next day he was at our church, well dressed, and as independent as a self-respecting American should be.

And so with the other mechanics. Each of them keenly felt that a rotten piece of timber or a poor plank might cause a serious disaster. A

flaw in the chain cable might put the vessel on a rocky shore. The painter took as much pride in his work as any modern decorator could take with the finest mansion. His art and craft were to be exhibited all over the world. Much depended on the care and ability of the rigger. The sailmaker knew that the vessel would frequently be kept from disaster by good canvas, well sewed. I once sailed with a captain who rather irreverently stated, "Many a night Eben Goodwin's topsails have been all there was between me and hell." Every workman knew that the lives and property of his neighbors and friends might depend on his individual work, and the coöperation and *esprit de corps* developed under these circumstances have never been equaled by any other nation.

The officers and crews were "from home"; every young man knew that he could earn promotion in a few years if he was worthy of advancement, and the calling was lucrative in comparison with opportunities on shore. This general spirit of friendly coöperation is well depicted by Elijah Kellogg, in those excellent books of his, "The Elm Island Series." Can you imagine Captain Rhines bullying his men?

After forty years I can recall how the boat's crew of the *Ark of Elm Island* beat the crew of the supercilious Britisher.

Temperance is one of the greatest virtues in an ocean commander, and the honesty and sobriety of these Master Mariners were well recognized. More disasters at sea have occurred from the use of liquor than from any other cause. These old shipmasters were not all saints, and maybe some of them, when in some far-away foreign port, would be tempted to imbibe too freely, but the return to the ship was constantly dreaded. Tongues would wag, and reports would be sure to get back to the home port. Maybe the second mate or a boy forward was the son of a large owner. A captain's reputation for temperance had to be zealously guarded. The Grocery Store Tribunal at home was a constant menace to master and mates. Many a reputation for laziness, or for poor navigation, or lack of courage in carrying on sail has been given by their fellow sailors to those who deserved it.

Foreign vessels were usually built and owned by companies. The captains and crews were strangers. These vessels, when abroad, were

managed by agents. Foreign captains rarely had the same responsibilities as the American commanders, and more rarely still their independence and self-reliance. They seldom owned any interest in their vessels. American owners encouraged their captains to take their wives to sea with them, and this custom exercised a wholesome and restraining influence. Foreign owners rarely gave their captains this privilege.

Before any ocean cables were laid, and before the Suez Canal was opened, the duties of a shipmaster were many and complicated. Being cut off from all communication with the owners, he was obliged to act on his own judgment, and the entire business management of the vessel, and the results obtained, depended on the ability and sagacity of the shipmaster. For instance, he was expected to have some knowledge of crop maturities in all parts of the world. He could afford to accept a lower freight to China or Java if he could expect to arrive at the height of the tea or sugar season. If bound to Australia, he was obliged to figure on the relative advantage of taking wheat to Europe, wool to England, or coal to China or San Francisco. The world's freight market had to be consid-

ered, and plans changed according to advance or decline in freights.

The American clipper-ship stood forth preëminently as the champion of our mechanical skill. She took the teas from China, spice from Singapore, gladdened the eyes of the "forty-niners" with cargoes from our Atlantic Coast. Her supremacy was acknowledged to such an extent by our greatest commercial rival that in the late fifties the English bought many of their best ships from us. One of the fastest passages ever made from Liverpool to Australia was by the American-built but British-owned ship, the *James S. Baines*.

The day of the square rigger, with all her glories, has passed away. Her romance, associations, faithful service and international renown will be found in the maritime history of our country, but the personal relation with these ships will pass with the present generation.

In the early eighties of the last century many of the American captains were quite different from the typical shipmasters of the earlier periods of maritime history.

One firm in Boston, M. F. Pickering & Co., were agents for at least three vessels, whose cap-

tains had attended or graduated from Harvard College. The ships *Sachem,* Captain Reed, *Jonathan Bourne,* Captain Stone, and the barque *Harvard,* Captain Pray, were the three vessels that I recall. The hardships of sea life were not as great as they were thirty years previous. The vessels were larger and more comfortable. The development of the industries of canning meats, fish and vegetables had added much variety to the ship's bill of fare, without increasing the cost to the owners, although American sailors were always the best fed sailors in the world. Good fresh bread was baked daily for the crew; dried apples, tomato soup, potatoes, and canned meats were added to the good salt beef, pork, fish, peas and beans. Plum duff and lobscouse were delicacies, and the food was always good and well cooked. Quite a different menu from that described by Dana on his voyage in the forties!

VII

Sea Habits, Customs and Yarns

THERE was very little "mirth and laughter" on shipboard in the old sailing-ship days. The shipmasters understood much earlier than the modern factory superintendent the advantages of employing men of different nationalities. In a ship's forecastle commonly were found Swedes, Russian Finns, Germans, Liverpool Irishmen, Frenchmen, Greeks, Italians, and, if procurable, one or two Manila men.

In sailor parlance, men from the northern nations were all known as "Dutchmen," and those from the southern nations as "Dagoes." A crew of this character had very little in common. They were not likely to combine against their superior officers; each man looked out for himself, and strove to work after the so-called American fashion.

On shipboard, instead of working eight hours

each day, it was quite customary to work a crew regularly twelve to sixteen hours, with a brief respite for meals. About the only time for rest or recreation was during the dog watch, from six to eight in the evening. Then an Italian or Spanish sailor might get from his chest a cherished accordion, and play with unexpected skill; but it was seldom that he would have an appreciative audience. Sometimes two or four sailors would start a rough dance to the music, but the jollity seemed out of place on the ocean, and too much noise always attracted the attention of the officer on deck. He, jealous or offended at any indication of happiness or hilarity, would find some excuse to command, "Haul in the lee main braces," or "Hoist up the main topgallant sail here." Or if the mates did not take proper cognizance of any undue gaiety forward, the captain was likely to say to them, "Those men do not seem to have enough to do. Can't you find some work for them." Relaxation was regarded as conducive to mischief. Songs met with the approval of the after guard only after a hard gale, or when the upper topsails were again being set. Then chanties were encouraged, and the singing indicated the return of

better weather, and probably a fair wind, at any rate progress of some kind.

Routine life was hard working, silent, and somber. Sailors from different countries had few interests or subjects in common to talk over. Racial and religious jealousies were common, and an attempted joke was seldom understood and more seldom appreciated. The officers acquired an abusive, sarcastic, profane style of address that was original, essential, and suited to the surroundings. The master could not lower his dignity by speaking except to command, and his rare attempts at humor were grim, infrequent, and not intended to provoke reply, much less to excite laughter.

After many years I recall an illustration of nautical humor, which was emphasized by the surroundings. It was customary for the different fleets on the China Station to rendezvous at Hongkong for the Christmas holidays. The races at Happy Valley occurred at this time, and it was the gay season in the colony. Our vessel arrived during the height of the northeast monsoon, and in the early morning it was quite cool, dark, and rainy. Our captain, who had a chin whisker like Uncle Sam's, had never been in

Hongkong before, and as mate I was ordered to accompany him on shore to the United States Consul, in order to enter the usual "protest" in case of any claim against the insurance companies for damages sustained during the voyage.

Our commander was somewhat eccentric, and followed his own dictates as to his apparel. On this occasion, as he descended into the sampan, he had on a red flannel shirt (which he claimed was an infallible protection against rheumatism and cholera), a paper collar (used in those days), a heavy blue pilot cloth suit, with a reefer jacket, and the inevitable high hat which stamped his station in life.

By the time we had transacted our business it was high noon. The sun had come out, and the thermometer was well up in the eighties. We went to Queen's Hotel for lunch—at that time the fashionable hostelry in Hongkong. The tables were full of prominent and well-dressed citizens, mostly clad in white—naval officers of different nationalities in snowy uniforms, and army officers were well represented.

The "old man" felt out of place. He was hot, tired and ugly, and his paper collar was wilted and uncomfortable. He was provoked at hav-

ing a long wait for his noonday meal, and it was evident that his patronage was not greatly appreciated.

Finally we were seated, and the attentive Chinese waiter presented the menu for orders, asking, "Wantchee soup?" The guest growled "Yes." Now, ship soup is thick, excellent, and nourishing, the meat and vegetables being boiled for hours before the sago or rice are added. The captain was hungry, and this was the kind of soup he had in mind. The waiter brought a delicate ornamental plate filled with thin consommé—the green peas and serrated slices of carrots distinctly visible. The "old man" was angry, and in stentorian tones, that attracted the attention of the other distinguished guests and greatly frightened the astonished Chinaman, roared, "Take away the damned stuff—I can see bottom in forty fathoms."

I was once second mate of a little English barque, the captain of which was a canny Scot, who had retained all the thrift and economy commonly ascribed to a dozen typical Scots. I never had a square meal during the six or seven weeks that I was on board his vessel. Neither

did any one else. We were deeply laden with bean cake from Newchang, the craft was wet, and we had a hard passage. The food was so poor and scanty that finally the crew mustered up courage to complain. One noon they asked to see the captain—a very unusual event on shipboard. The captain came to the forward end of the after house, stern and severe. As the spokesman and his companion were going aft, a sea came over the weather rail and washed them into the scupper. Wet and bedraggled they were even more embarrassed than when they started. With due respect they finally stammered out their complaint, exhibited a small hard piece of salt junk and two little potatoes, perhaps the size of horse chestnuts, and meekly asked if the captain thought that men could work on such food.

The captain promptly ordered the cook to be sent aft. The Doctor, as the cook was commonly called, was a stout old man, with a red face and bald head—an English cockney, with the servility of his class. He scuttled aft actually trembling with fright, for he assumed that he would have to take all the blame for serving the crew with poor and insufficient food.

The captain loudly inquired if the men's story as to the quantity and quality of the food they had was true. The shivering cook moved his lips in admission, and our captain, with an impressive wave of his hand and the dignity of a Jove, cried out, "Give them another spud, if they bust." The sailors were ordered forward, and meekly obeyed. Many a time in after life I have known worthy petitioners to be granted "another spud."

The yarn-spinning proclivities of sailors are usually confined to their adventures on shore. A sweetheart in San Francisco, a barroom in Melbourne, a good boarding-house in London, or a big drunk in Rio would readily furnish the subject matter for a long yarn. But the men who had really taken part in deeds of daring and danger on the ocean were modest, reticent, and unlikely to relate their experiences, although the latter in many cases would be novel and interesting.

There are a few stories well known to all sailors, one of which I hope I shall be indulged in telling, for I have never seen it in print. Imagine that you are being told this yarn under the lee of the forward house, in the midnight

watch, all sail and stunsails set, the strong trade winds blowing two points abaft the beam, and the good ship bowling along twelve knots an hour. There is nothing for the watch on deck to do but to await orders. The spray is dashing over the weather rail, and the watch on deck are comfortable in their snug shelter, their pipes lighted, and no time limit on the old salt who spins his yarn with such length and variations as suit his pleasure. He will tell this one in substance about as follows:

Those little black web-footed birds that frequently are seen following in the wake of ocean steamers are called Mother Carey's chickens. It is a common sailors' superstition that they contain the souls of departed seamen.

Many, many years ago an old Western Ocean packet, carrying an unusually rough, tough crew (although they were all bad enough), while crossing the Atlantic struck an iceberg and immediately sank, with all on board. The wicked sailors were promptly and properly consigned to the lower regions. As they became somewhat acquainted with their new surroundings they began to growl, in accordance with their previous custom. They growled hard, vig-

orously, persistently. They did not like the climate; they alleged that the grub was poor and insufficient; they fought among themselves, and the language that they used shocked even the sin-hardened denizens of Gehenna.

Satan was greatly displeased with his new subjects. He interviewed St. Peter, and flatly refused to take any more sailors in his charge. He said that he had conducted a good hot hell for many years, and had given very little trouble, but he desired to have this last consignment of sailors immediately removed. The good Saint pacified his petitioner, and a more satisfactory temporary disposition was brought about.

Satan was obliged to listen daily to the disparagement of his domain. The sailors said that hell was not as hot as the Red Sea in the summer season; that the temperature of the lower regions was mild compared with the "brick fielders" coming down from the Australian Desert, and that the accompanying hot dust was much worse than anything experienced in the lower regions. Hell was declared to be a much more comfortable place than the yard-arm of a vessel beating up Boston Bay in the winter

season, when the sailor perched up there was trying to make a frozen topsail fast, with biting snow and sleet driving in at every gust.

The ordinary yarns that these sailors told made the muck-rakers, fishermen, politicians and other high-grade liars turn green with envy. They rebelled against all the lawfully constituted authorities. They were insolent, abusive and quarrelsome, and made more trouble than had been experienced for several centuries.

His Satanic Majesty again went aloft to make another vigorous complaint, and finally insisted on resigning if he was obliged to continue to keep the sailors in his custody. St. Peter was perplexed, but finally had to submit to the demands of the guardian of the lower regions, who returned joyfully and told the sailors that they could clear out.

A conference was held, and the old salts talked over the hardships that they had endured in their former life. Cape Horn, bucko mates, poor grub, and other unpleasant nautical subjects were fully discussed. Finally it was unanimously decided not to leave their present warm, comfortable quarters, where they had all night in.

Under these circumstances it became a real problem how to get these unwelcome guests back to the upper world.

At this time it was customary to serve grog on shipboard, and one of the principal complaints made by the sailors was that their liquor supply was cut off. An old boatswain told Satan that he would get these fellows out if he could have a permanent job below, with tobacco and rum included. This being agreed to, the old man went outside the gates and piped his whistle for grog. The eager seamen promptly responded, and all rushed out to the grateful and familiar sound. Satan, however, did not keep his promise, but with his usual deceit and perfidy shut the gates, and there have never been any sailors sent to hell since. As they were not qualified for a better fate, they and their successors have been turned into Mother Carey's chickens.

VIII

Shanghaied Sailors

"The old man he goes sailing,
For he's gathered in a crew;
We've various Turks and infidels,
We've most things but a Jew.
He's got the pick of all the stiffs
From Panama to Nome,
And will make them into sailors
On the long road home."

IN the palmy days of our mercantile marine, good sailors, or even sailors of any kind, were in demand in most of the far-distant ports. After the discovery of gold in California, and during the era of prosperity that followed, it was quite common for the crews of all vessels arriving in San Francisco to desert their vessels immediately after their arrival. Wages were high; every man had an opportunity to make his fortune rapidly, and it is easy to understand how attractive the Cali-

fornia climate and unusual opportunities for advancement were to the sailors after a five months' passage around Cape Horn.

The same general conditions prevailed in Australia, and sailors were always scarce in China and on the West Coast of South America. In the far East this was due frequently to disease as well as to desertion. Deserters were aided and abetted by the sailor boarding-house keepers and their employees, the runners, whose purpose it was to lure the arriving sailors into the so-called boarding-houses, to rob them, get them drunk, and re-ship them on some homeward-bound vessel as soon as possible.

To shanghai a seaman (meaning to put him on board a vessel in a drunken or drugged condition) became a common practice in many foreign ports. Morgan Robertson, in one of his novels, tells a very clever story of how a British Admiral was shanghaied on board of an American vessel. Such an incident is not incomprehensible if the admiral was of a convivial disposition, and was not over-particular about the company that he kept. To understand this method of obtaining seamen, assume that an American vessel in Melbourne has been loaded with wool

for London, and is ready for sea. Most of the original crew deserted their ship on arrival, and the captain needs twelve sailors to complete his complement for the homeward voyage. He makes a trade with a boarding-house keeper to furnish twelve men for six pounds (thirty dollars) per head (this is called blood money); to pay them ten pounds per month wages, and to give three months' advance notes to each sailor. These notes are payable three days after the ship sails, if the men are "receipted for" as being on board. If the real sailor who may ship under these conditions gets enough out of his thirty pounds advance to buy a few clothes, and money enough to pay for one drunk, he can consider that he has been well treated by the land sharks.

These sailors would be regularly shipped at the office of the United States Consul, and sign shipping articles:

"To proceed in the good ship ———— to London; thence to such port or ports in any part of the world as the Master may direct; thence to final port of discharge in the United States, within a period of two years."

Assume that half of these men were real

sailors, who were capable of seeking profitable employment, and who intended to sail in the vessel as they agreed. The remainder of the men were in the employ of the boarding-house keepers, and signed such common names to the articles as "John Smith," "Ole Olsen," "William Mahoney."

In one instance that I know of, when the crimps knew in advance that they were going to shanghai a local tailor, they signed the name of Louis Lapidowitz to the articles. The first information poor Louis had that he was to sail as an able seaman was when he found himself on a ship well outside of the Golden Gate, and bound for Europe.

Usually when ready for sea a vessel would be towed to the outer anchorage of a port, or to some berth from which it was easy to get under way without being among the crowded shipping. On the night before sailing, the crew was brought on board by the boarding-house runners, always at a late hour. The regular sailors had been having what might be termed a last legitimate drunk. The victims were drunk and drugged. As the men crawled or were assisted up the gangway the mate read their names from

the shipping articles, and they answered, "Aye, aye, sir," or "Here." The mate then sent them forward to the forecastle to turn in until daylight. The night was dark, and there was much noise and confusion incident to the gathering together of fifteen or twenty rough drunken sailors. Rows, remonstrances, or shrieking were easily quelled by a stiff slug under the jaw. The crimps had delivered the goods, and took no chances on losing any of the men brought on board, which would mean that the captain would stop payment of certain "advance" notes, as well as refuse to pay the per capita blood money. When the names of Smith, Mahoney, and Olsen were called, the runner having these men in charge did not have to be much of a ventriloquist to answer "Here, sir" in a way to satisfy the mate, who checked off these men as being on board, in accordance with their contract. The most important duty of the mate was to examine his crew, and make sure that none of them were cripples or invalids.

At daybreak the second mate would turn out from the forecastle such occupants as were able to stand after their debauch, and compel them to "man the windlass." Or if any trouble was

expected a gang of longshoremen would be employed to weigh anchor and make fast the tow line, and the crew were not disturbed until the vessel was well down the bay and ready to make sail. Oaths, kicks, cuffs and belaying pins aided the mates to arouse the sailors, and get them to loose and hoist the sails.

The poor fellow under the *nom de mer* of Olsen had very likely never been on a ship before. Sick, frightened, and with his head thick and throbbing from the dope that he had taken the night before, he might venture to ask some question, or make some gentle remonstrance, when one of the mates would hit him a welt, damn his eyes, tell him to "shut up," and to "get a hold on that rope." If Ole was wise he obeyed.

Smith may have been less submissive to his surroundings, and refused to work or to answer to his name, telling the mate that Smith was not his name. The mate would curse him and say, "Smith was your name last night." "No, sir, it was not." Here the poor landsman was punched, kicked and cursed in a frightful manner. The indignant officer would say, "Call me a liar, will you," and, aroused by this breach of

discipline, would give the unfortunate John a few extra kicks as a salve to his wounded dignity.

The captain, noticing the fracas, might inquire, "Mr. Mate, what is the trouble?" "Man insulted me, sir, and tried to strike me, sir." "Put him in irons and down in the lazarette." "Aye, aye, sir," and that was the last of Smith until he repented. The entry in the official log book for the benefit of the United States Consul at the next port, if he was interested, would be as follows:

> "About four bells in the morning's watch John Smith, who shipped as A. B. Seaman, was insolent, refused to obey orders, and violently assaulted the chief officer, for which he was put in irons and placed in solitary confinement for forty-eight hours, being given bread and three quarts of water per day, in accordance with the law. On promise of good behavior he was permitted to return to his duty."

John was likely to be docile and obedient for the remainder of the voyage.

William Mahoney may have been more combative, and vigorously persisted in his request to see the captain. Whether or not his request was granted would depend on the whim of the

mates. Sometimes he would get to the quarter deck, when the officer would report to the captain, "Mahoney wants to see you, sir." The outraged and indignant Hibernian would probably exclaim in a loud and disrespectful tone of voice, "My name ain't Mahoney," whereupon various things were likely to happen with astonishing quickness. If it was dark, or no one was around but the man at the wheel, the captain, from his superior height on the top of the house, might give Bill a swift kick on the side of his head; maybe he would descend to the quarter deck and condescend to use his fists on the insolent Irishman, or a handy belaying pin might be used with forceful effect, but Bill was sure to receive the worst tirade of abuse and blasphemy that he had ever listened to. A verbatim report would not look well in print, but the old man would commonly close his remarks as follows: "You —— dirty, lazy Irish swab. You —— stowaway, what are you doing on board my ship? Get along forward to work, or I'll (more horrible threats) —— yer."

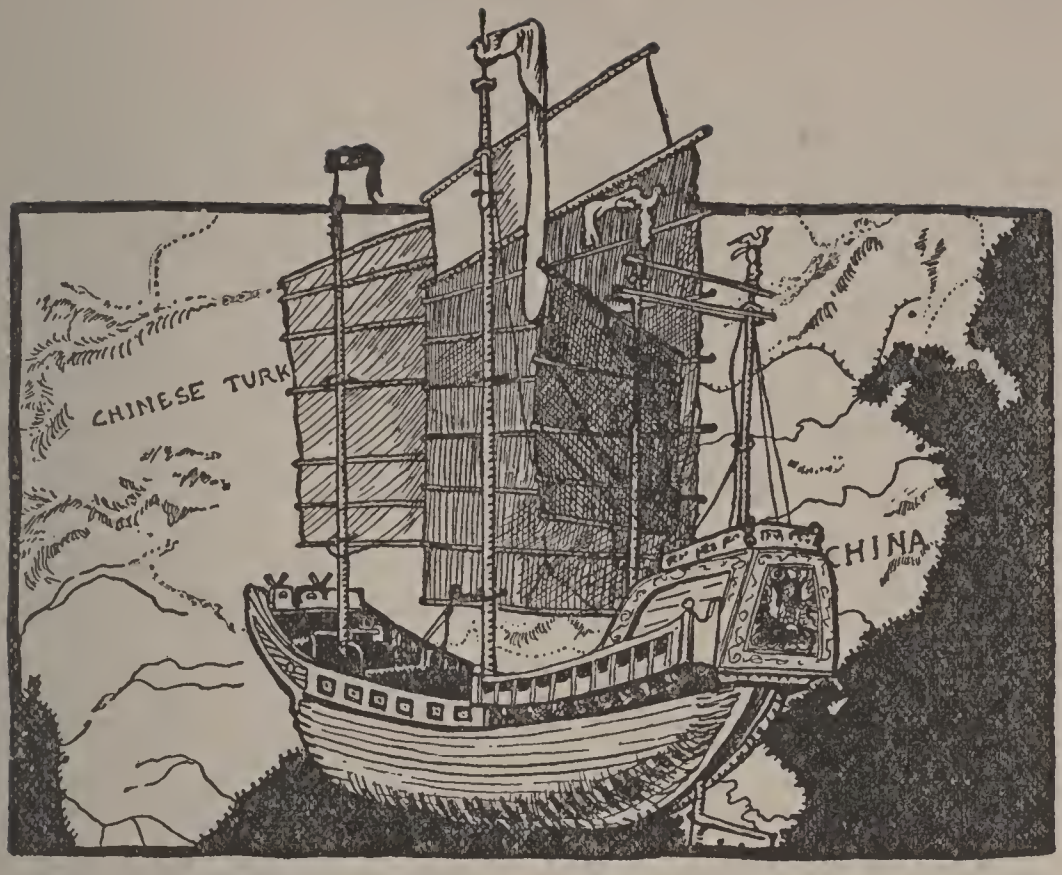
Now this was not an appropriate occasion for any eloquent or extensive remarks. Brilliant repartee would not be in good form, and even

sound and conclusive arguments would prove of no avail. The captain, in order that he might not see anything that he did not want to see, discreetly and dignifiedly walked over to the weather deck. Bill thought it wise to obey orders, and retreated along the lee side. As he descended the steps to the main deck, the mate repeated the sentiments of his commander, and emphasized the practical application thereof by punching Bill's head in passing. Bill might attempt to retaliate in kind. In that case, if the mate was a fighter, and was sure he could "lick his man," he gave Bill a sound thrashing. If Mahoney looked like a tough customer to handle, then the second mate, who was always on hand, also slugged Bill with his fist, or any convenient weapon. The result was always the same. The seaman was beaten, cowed, and manhandled into submission with whatever brutality was thought necessary. By this time, too, the Pacific swell added to the discomfort of poor Bill. He had hardly recovered from the effects of his drugging the night before. And thus Ole, John and Bill were "made into sailors on the long road home."

A well-known story of shanghaiing avers that

on one occasion when the boarding-house representatives brought their load of men on deck from the small boat one of the crimps said very respectfully to a careless mate, "Got John Smith here, sir, but he is very drunk. Shall we take him forward, sir?" The mate being busy, green, or neglectful of his duty, said, "All right." John was carried to the forecastle, and was found next morning in one of the bunks, stiff, stark dead—undoubtedly having been brought on board in this condition; but the boarding-house crowd made perhaps two hundred dollars on the advance note and blood money, and the ship being at sea there was no redress.

Once when I was in Rio Janeiro a captain of a large English ship showed me a fine strapping young Irishman who, as a policeman in San Francisco, had incurred the ill-will of some of the saloon keepers. He remembered taking one drink, and then found himself on the broad Pacific.



IX

China and the Chinese

In 1882 the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed unexpectedly, and a few months only were to elapse before it was to go into effect. One result of this legislation was to create an urgent demand for vessels in Chinese waters to carry Chinese passengers to American ports before the effective date of exclusion.

Regular Oriental liners were not available, and most English and foreign vessels were char-

tered out and back, so that American vessels in Eastern ports (most of them being disengaged), had a chance to get very remunerative business.

My vessel was chartered to take three hundred passengers to Victoria, Vancouver Island, and the Chinese were supposed to be engaged to work on the new Canadian Pacific Railroad. In going from one English port to another we came under the requirements of the British Emigration Act. We had to buy several additional lifeboats, sundry extra equipment, rockets, blue lights, life buoys, food to give the passengers the same rations that they would receive if they were emigrants on English-Atlantic steamers, and what shocked my thrifty New England propensity was to be obliged to pay eight hundred dollars for medicines and surgical equipment, which seemed to me an awful waste of good money.

As our Chinamen came on board they were told to go around the starboard alleyway, in line, to the quarter deck, where three physicians were busily engaged in vaccinating them and sending them forward on the port side. All went well for a while, when the foolish rumor

was started that all the passengers were being branded as slaves. At once there was a wild stampede. Several jumped overboard and were picked up by the police boats, but one fellow was so nearly drowned that he had to be taken to the hospital on shore. Two hours elapsed before order was restored and explanations made by the interpreters, and our sailing was delayed until dark.

There being no regular physician on board it was my duty to inspect my Chinese passengers twice a day, and to prescribe such medicine as I thought was necessary.

I was greatly impressed with the cleanliness of these poor coolies. The between decks were crowded with so many occupants, but the bedding and wearing apparel and other belongings of these poor people were scrupulously clean and neat. The voyage across the Northern Pacific is quite cold, and yet about half of these passengers would go on deck every morning and strip to the waist, and take a vigorous cleansing salt water bath. I do not know of the people of any other nation who would have been as cleanly at as great an inconvenience to themselves.

We had twenty cooks, and the main hatch was utilized for the necessary fireplaces and kettles. All of the food prepared by the Chinamen was carefully washed and kept clean. The huge baskets of boiled rice, even under disadvantageous conditions, was better cooked than it is today at most American clubs and hotels.

The Chinese are not accustomed to medical attention, and such as they receive is of very doubtful quality. At first when I would discover a sick passenger, or one who was lame and required attention, they were all very suspicious. Many of them were suffering from sores of long standing. After I gave them castile soap and carbolic acid, and later a healing ointment, and began to get results from the simple remedies of the American pharmacopœia the number of my patients increased daily. Before we reached Victoria I am confident that I had a very good reputation as a Medicine Man.

One day a Chinaman fell from between decks to the lower hall, and landed on some rock ballast. It was convenient to attend him under the light of the forward hatch, and I had quite an admiring audience. After I had shaved the

patient's head, inserted a few stitches, put on adhesive plaster, and finally set a simple fracture of his arm in splints, it was evident my "gallery" regarded the operation as quite wonderful.

I had six tubs of Epsom salts, the salvage value of which would not have been large when we returned to New York. So this excellent medicine I distributed quite freely. I gave a mixture of tolu, squills and epicac for coughs, which, to say the least, was more efficacious than the medicine ordinarily given by Chinese doctors.

As far as I was concerned my three hundred Chinamen would have been landed in much better order and condition than when they left Hongkong had it not been that while lying in quarantine at Esquimault they attached some hooks to floating box covers and managed to get some of the kelp, which they used as greens, and, from eating this, three of the Chinamen died after they reached Victoria.

We arrived in Victoria only two days before the Chinese Exclusion Act went into effect, and the Chinamen at Port Townsend sent a large side-wheel steamer to take their fellow China-

men to the United States and get their American papers. I think the Canadian Pacific Road suffered from the non-arrival of the Chinese workmen it expected.

In addition to the beef, pork, rice, flour, peas, beans, etc., that the English law required us to furnish, our Chinese charterers provided a large quantity of fish, antiquated eggs, dried ducks, and other Chinese delicacies, which were distributed every fourth day, and the Chinese chow was more appreciated than the European.

When we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian we gained a day, and as we had more salt beef than anything else I told the second mate, who served out provisions, to give the Chinamen meat for the second day in succession. We had rather a rough night, and early in the morning the steward told me that the Chinese supercargo wanted to see me.

I got out of bed feeling cross and ugly. I was greeted by the question, "What for pay he Chinamen beefu—he no wantee beefu." I said, "Earth round; ship come a long way; every day make a gain ten, fifteen, twenty minutes; making gain too much; must go back; have two piecee Thursday; alle samee week."

The venerable Chinaman, who had a mustache of ten hairs—four on the starboard side and six on the port, stroked his gray hairs meditatively, and seemed very much dazed.

He had evidently been under the impression that the earth was flat. He repeated, "No savee." I tried again to enlarge upon my nautical description of the world's geography, but made a dismal failure.

Being tired, impatient and disgusted, I told the supercargo to get out of the cabin, and I returned to bed, only to be aroused in a few minutes by a tumult and confused shuffling of feet on deck. I found that nearly all the passengers were on the deck, and that having chased the supercargo aft to a secure position, they were threatening him with all kinds of vengeance in Chinese. It seemed the conclusion reached was that the supercargo and I had conspired together and decided to use more beef and save the Chinese chow to sell in Victoria. The idea that we had gained a day in going around the world did not impress our passengers, and the poor supercargo was in bad standing all the voyage. He did not dare, in fact, to come out of his room in the after part of the forward house after dark.

I first visited China in 1876, and the following is a verbatim extract from a journal I kept at that time and sent home to my family:

"While in Shanghai I had the pleasure, through the kindness of an American resident, of attending a genuine Chinese dinner. One evening, about six o'clock, a party of us assembled at this gentleman's house, where we were introduced to our host for the evening, Fong Tah, a fine intelligent-looking Chinaman, and Compradore for Messrs. Frazer & Co., one of the leading firms of Shanghai, and we were soon in jinrickshaws on the way to our entertainment. We alighted at the "Maloo" (the principal Chinese street), opposite a large two-story building, brilliantly lighted, and partitioned off into many rooms of comfortable size, into one of which we were ushered, and introduced to two other Chinese friends of our host, Ching Chang and Faw Chung.

"The room was comfortably furnished with sofas, chairs, etc. In the center was a large table spread with many strange dishes, which I will endeavor to describe soon. Near each chair was a small table, having on it cups of tea

(which we were assured cost twelve dollars per pound). These were frequently replenished by the attendants, and proved a delicious overture to the ensuing feast. The wall was hung with mottoes and large printings, which he explained to us were the sayings of Confucius and other eminent Chinamen. The room was decorated further with some Chinese pictures, which were not particularly beautiful.

"Cigars and Chinese pipes were passed around, and in Chinese assemblies it is customary to spend an hour or two in conversation, just as a whet to the appetite, but, as we were Europeans, and had not been to supper and were eager to commence operations, this period was mercifully shortened. Fong Tah explained that this was not his own house, but a large restaurant, celebrated among the Chinese as Delmonico's is in New York, and he had brought us here instead of going to his own residence, as it was more fashionable so to do.

"About 7.30 o'clock the waiters brought in *hot steamed* napkins for each guest. This is a great improvement on our custom at home, for after every course these napkins are brought in, and they serve very nicely to obviate the sticky

feeling one always has around the face and fingers where dry napkins are used.

"The Chinese do not condescend to remove their hats either at meals or in the theater, but sit down covered. During the conversation preceding dinner they assiduously devote themselves to eating watermelon seeds, a favorite amusement with them, and it is surprising what a quantity of them they will dispose of in a short time. We all ate these seeds and pronounced them a clever device for passing away the time before the more substantial dishes make their appearance.

"On the table before us, very tastefully arranged, were the following dishes (these are not considered among the regular courses, but only as a sort of dessert, or side dishes, to precede or follow whatever courses the guests may desire):

Side Dishes

Shrimp and Chicken — Kidney and Cockles
Duck and Bamboo Shoots — Ham and Spinach
Oranges, divided into small pieces — Water Nuts
Citron, Olives, Limes, Melon Seeds, Jellies

"Many other fruits, nuts and sauces occupied

prominent places, and each guest had by his plate a saucer of 'soy,' or vinegar, into which to dip his food. After a few minutes the regular courses were brought in, in the following order:

1st Course
Birds' Nest Soup (Costing $30.00 per pound)
2d Course
Pigs' Tripe (Stewed)
3d Course
Pigeon Eggs Stewed in Gelatine

Intermission a few minutes—Napkins, Pipes and Champagne passed around.

4th Course
Stewed Fish and Bamboo
5th Course
Roast Duck and Pancake
6th Course
Pudding, Cake and Almond Tea

Intermission as before

7th Course
Sharks' Fins with Gelatine
8th Course
Minced Pork
9th Course
Stewed Mushrooms

Regular intermission after every three courses to the end.

10th Course
Stewed Ducks' Tongues
11th Course
Sandju Jelly, Fruit and Pudding
12th Course
Pork Pie

13th Course
Roast Pig (cut in little bits, each of them just a mouthful, and the crisp skin, when smoking hot, was delicious.)

14th Course
Jelly
15th Course
Pork and Curry
16th Course
Fish

"As a finale, fish, fowl and many roast meats were placed on the table, winding up with what we usually begin with, but by this time the edge of our appetites was somewhat blunted and these last dishes only seemed a sort of ornament, nobody attacking them very vigorously. Between each course Chinese pipes were passed around, and champagne was freely circulated, especially among our Chinese friends, it being their favorite beverage. Whenever a Chinaman

is rich enough to afford any wines or liquor, champagne is always his choice.

"At the outset we were only provided with chopsticks, which we so wielded as to give much amusement to our host. We got along 'middling well' until the third course, but when it came to fishing a pigeon egg out of a cup of gelatine we all 'passed,' so after that we were provided with European knives and forks.

"The plates, saucers, cups, etc., were very minute—a plate being about the size of one of our saucers at home. "Samshoo," or Chinese rice wine, was served hot, in little cups about the size of a thimble. It very much resembles sherry in flavor. Besides the dishes I was enabled to get the names of, there were many others of mysterious content, but generally seeming to have pork or duck for a base, cooked, however, in a different manner.

As soon as the dinner was fairly under way a number of Chinese singing girls were ushered into the apartment, and, seating themselves in vacant chairs, in turn entertained us with music or singing throughout our stay. No Chinese dinner is considered complete without the presence of these fair damsels. The mandarins

usually own a sufficient number of these girls to entertain their guests, but the lower classes have to hire their attendance for the evening.

"Our host owned two or three of our attendants, and his friend two or three of the others. Their ages ranged from sixteen to twenty, and they were dressed in the height of Chinese fashion, each attended by her 'amah' (or female servant), carrying a little box, in which were a mirror, combs and other utensils instrumental to making up a toilet. Again, the 'amah' carried whatever musical instrument her mistress chose to use.

"I was too much engaged to notice the minute details of the apparel of these ladies, but to my uneducated eyes it seemed very much to resemble European fashions. They wore silks and satins, richly trimmed and ornamented with silver buttons. Their feet were perhaps four inches long, and very beautiful. Their hair was elaborately dressed, very high in front, a large headdress of pearls, and jadestone and other Chinese jewelry surmounted the forehead on top of the hair. Their arms and fingers were protected from roughness by tin tubes about three inches long being drawn over them, and

their hands looked very much like claws when each finger was covered with one of these; but when they removed them they disclosed remarkably soft and pretty hands—a feature deemed essential to a thoroughly beautiful Chinese 'belle.'

"At first the girls seemed rather embarrassed at being so near Europeans, but soon became self-possessed, and laughed among themselves as though they seemed to enjoy the fun. Their features were subjected to a sharp criticism, the gentlemen having, indeed, quite an animated discussion as regards Chinese beauty compared with European. Being the youngest present I did not assert my opinion particularly, but thought all the same that many of our 'musicians' would not shame any part of the world as far as beauty was concerned.

"There is a beautiful, mild and gentle expression in the face of these girls. The average Chinese woman of Shanghai is 'as homely as a mud fence,' but these girls came from Suchau and other places in the interior, celebrated for the beauty of their females, where they are bought young and carefully educated for the position in life which they are to fill. That po-

sition among the Chinese is not at all considered dishonorable. The girls' singing was very sweet, and sometimes musical, although entirely different from European. Their song is more down in their throat, somewhat resembling a humming, but louder and more distinct. They were not invited to partake of the repast before us, except to drink champagne gallantly handed them by some of the gentlemen. Their manners were very pretty, simple, and unassuming, and their presence added to the enjoyment of the evening very much.

"Our party breaking up about 11.30 o'clock we 'returned home,' as we used to say in compositions, highly pleased 'with our trip.'

"If I could only remember my dreams that night I am confident they would prove more interesting than my actual experience. However pleasant Chinese delicacies may be to the Chinese, I am satisfied that a European would not thrive on the same diet."

More than forty years later, when I visited Shanghai on a tour around the world, our party was most generously and hospitably entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Fearn, of St. Louis, who gave

us a dinner almost identical with the one I had eaten forty years previously. It was during the Chinese New Year's season, when it is a very pleasant custom among Chinese servants to entertain their employers and friends one night during the New Year. We were fortunate enough to be able to take advantage of this opportunity. The dinner was excellent, the service faultless, and the servant-hosts earnestly intent upon making their guests feel at home and giving the best attention possible. I have never known of any servants in this country having the same desire to express appreciation to their employers.

X

Krakatoa

EARLY in 1883 the barque under my command had come around Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope and discharged her cargo from Victoria, Vancouver Island, at Port Natal, East Africa.

Due to the Zulu war there was an usually large number of ships at Port Natal, and very few opportunities to get any cargo there. So, in sea parlance, we were obliged to go "seeking" to get a charter for the United States, and cleared the ship, as was customary in the sailing-ship days, for Guam, which was a far distant island, inhabited only by a few natives. If a vessel arrived in Batavia, Manila, or any port in the Far East claiming to have been in Guam as her last port of call, no one could dispute the claim, as there were no authorities there to furnish the usual clearance papers.

The custom of clearing for Guam was very

old, and probably originated when a large number of vessels had discharged their cargoes and were obliged to go elsewhere for homeward business. Each shipmaster wished to observe secrecy as to where his vessel was going, and a clearance for Guam was the equivalent to a captain saying that it was nobody's business where his vessel was bound for.

We cleared for Guam in ballast, to keep up the nautical fiction, and in a few weeks arrived at Anjer, Java. After sending several cablegrams to various eastern ports soliciting business we secured a charter from Singapore to Boston. Cargoes from Singapore were much more valuable than most of the bulk or usual cargoes. We had ingots of tin in the lower hold as dunnage, and I was surprised to see how small a quantity of tin it took to be worth one hundred thousand dollars. Pepper, spices, gambier, cotton matting and sundry eastern products made a total insurable value of over five hundred thousand dollars for our cargo.

While waiting at Anjer I saw the original volcanic eruptions of Krakatoa, which developed in a few weeks into one of the greatest disasters of modern times.

Krakatoa is an island situated at the entrance of Sunda Strait, which is the highway for all sailing vessels going to China from Java, Japan, Philippine Islands and the Far Eastern ports. The cone-shaped peaks of Krakatoa were excellent landmarks, and were known to all navigators of the Eastern Seas. The island is about seven miles long and four miles wide, and the volcano thereon had not been active for more than one hundred years until a short time prior to my arrival at Anjer.

It was quite common for vessels to stop at Anjer for a few days, either to wait for charters or, if homeward bound, to buy fresh vegetables, fruit, eggs, chickens, etc. The usual price of eggs was one dollar, Mexican, per hundred, and chickens one dollar per dozen. After a few days the old sailors would growl at having been fed with too many chickens and would insist on receiving their good salt beef and pork. Many kinds of birds and animals were also cheap, and the decks of a homeward bounder looked like a menagerie, with a choice collection of Java deer, ten to twelve inches high—the smallest member of the deer family, and wonderfully graceful

animals — many varieties of monkeys, large and small; cocoanut squirrels; Java sparrows; miners, parrakeets and cockatoos. Most of these birds and animals died before reaching New York.

After being at sea for three or four months it was a very pleasant change to sleep in the neat, comfortable hotel kept by Captain Schutte at Anjer, and enjoy the fresh fruit and fine cooking.

The last night that I was at the hotel I was rudely awakened by my bed shaking from my first experience with an earthquake shock. I was frightened, and went out in the hall, expecting to go out of doors, but Captain Schutte heard me and told me "Dat was nix," and rather contemptuously advised me to go back to bed— but not to sleep. In the beautiful moonlight I could see plainly from my window the flame and smoke of the volcano, and while I thought of many things before I went to sleep again the danger from Krakatoa never occurred to me.

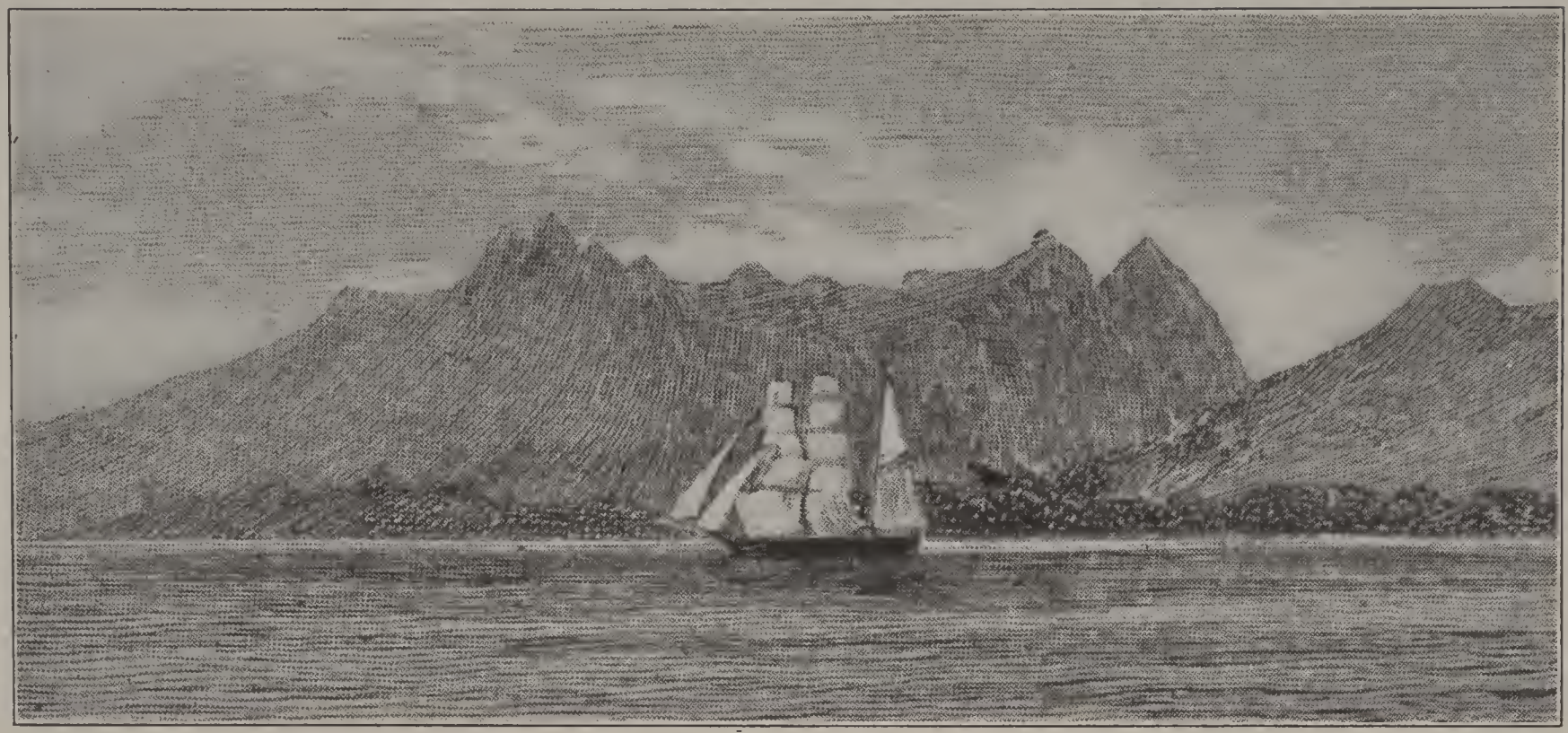
On my return passage through Sunda Straits a few weeks later the hotel was one hundred and twenty feet under water, and all the members

of the Schutte family were drowned by the tidal wave except a son, who was visiting in Batavia, and when I arrived in Singapore I heard of the final eruption and awful calamity, which an eye-witness, Mr. Van Gestel, described in part as follows:

"About eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, the thirteenth day of May, 1883, the trouble began in the Island of Java. All Java, Sumatra and Borneo were convulsed. It was as though war had been declared underground. The surface of the earth rocked, houses tumbled down, and big trees fell out of the earth, as if it had ejected their roots.

"Thursday there came a telegram from the City of Anjer, ninety miles away, on the northwest coast of Java, that a volcano had broken out on the Island of Krakatoa.

"About midnight we cleared St. Nicholas Point, which is the extreme northerly extension of the Island of Java. As we rounded it we saw ascending from Krakatoa, about fifty miles away to the southwest, an immense column of fire and what appeared to be smoke. The sky was yet clear, for the most part, but we could see no apex to this column, whose composition changed as we watched it, steaming all the while toward the Island. First it looked like flame, and then it would appear to be steam, and again take the semblance of a pillar of fire inside of a column of white, fleecy wool. In another



THE SUNDA STRAITS

Anjer Hill From the Northwest

instant these trailing, whirling masses of wool would hang from the very empyrean itself. All the while we heard the sullen, thunderous roar which had been a fearful feature of the situation ever since Sunday morning, and was now becoming louder."

Loaded vessels of considerable size were thrown up mountain sides five hundred miles away. The air over the American continents was filled with minute particles from the eruption, and six hundred miles away in the larger cities of Java it was necessary to burn lights for several days.

A few weeks after the eruption, when I sailed through Sunda Strait the chart was almost useless, as the contour of the land on the Java side was greatly changed, and it was impossible to tell what rocks or reefs might be concealed within a few feet of the surface of the water.

I have some specimens of floating pumice stone that I found off the coast of New Guinea in the East, and as far west as Mauritius, and I read that some large pieces had even drifted into the Mediterranean. In the Java Sea you would sail through miles of this pumice, and some harbors were practically closed for a time even to steamers.

During the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 I used to go frequently to the Malay Villages and talk to some of the natives, most of whom came from within one hundred miles of old Anjer, but I did not find a man who knew of the greatest volcanic disaster for many centuries. This I ascribe in part to Oriental callousness about loss of human life, and more directly to the fact that few Malay know or care about any event that occurs outside of their own villages. They are happy and contented and live their own lives, with very little interest in the affairs of the outside world.

When I revisited Java in 1923 I was told that there were millions of the natives who had never heard of the World War, except, perhaps, in a vague, casual, impersonal manner.

XI

Amboyna

THREE or four centuries ago Amboyna, the capital of the Molucca or Spice Islands, was the most important city in the Far East, and maintained its supremacy for many years.

Through the courtesy of our Dutch consignee, who placed his country place at our disposal, my young wife and I did our first housekeeping in this far-away island. We started operations with seven servants, employed at wages aggregating thirty dollars per month, but this was not as cheap as it sounds.

We were supposed to feed them, and after a few weeks we found that we were also feeding their sisters, cousins, aunts, and relatives even unto the fourth generation. In fact, we were the main support of a small Malay village. For-

tunately rice, the principal article of diet, was cheap.

Our head boy was a Mohammedan, and assumed arrogant airs over his fellow servants, who were Christians. As his English was slightly better than my Malay, he occupied a superior position in our household. When I suggested that my opened bottles of wine disappeared very rapidly, he would say, with great pride, that his religion would not permit him to drink, and his feelings were hurt at my insinuation.

Later, when my Dutch friend visited us, and abused the other servants in vigorous Malay, with a few Dutch swear words, they all pleaded innocence and insisted that they were all good Protestant Christians, and did not drink—much less steal. So as Dooley says, "There ye air."

From my journal, kept in 1884, I quote as follows:

"Amboyna is situated on the right-hand side of a bay of the same name, some seven miles from its entrance. This bay is a broad sea inlet, running in like a funnel, and almost dividing the island. On each side are high hills, covered with forest, or in places with high grass,

and soft and lovely vegetation at the foot, the shades of green varying from the dark, tall trees to the fresh, pale grass. Along the shores are Malay villages, hidden by cocoanut groves.

"Amboyna is one of the most beautiful bays that I have ever seen. After a week of down-pouring tropical rain we found ourselves, one bright, sunny afternoon, becalmed some three miles below Amboyna. All nature seemed re-juvenated, and put forth its brightest aspect. As we had several hours for contemplating the scenery—which is vividly impressed on my memory—I will attempt to reproduce the scene from the quarter deck of the *Agate*. Scarce half a mile on our port bow, on a small hill, were the remains, or rather the ruins, of an old fort, probably several centuries old. The various embankments, and the sloping approaches, were covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and moss of a peculiarly bright green; a bit of pebbly beach at the foot of the hill and high forest in the background, and further back still the cloud-capped mountain top, with vaporous clouds hanging over the deeper valleys on the mountain side.

"In the East Monsoon the Bay is always as

smooth as a lake, and very deep. In most places a vessel can sail within a cable's length of the shore and find no anchorage. Porpoises and all kinds of fish abound in the bay—seven hundred and eighty varieties being found around this island—more than in all Europe, according to the authority of Alfred Russel Wallace.

"On our port quarter we had Cape Allang, and the strong tide rips and swell of the Arafura Sea, which would send high breakers against this rocky point, while within where we were was perfectly calm. On the other side a Malay village—a few proas hauled up on the beach, and the usual cocoanut trees. We could hear distinctly the women grinding rice, which they did with stones and a kind of mortar, just about as we read they did in Judea eighteen hundred years ago. Everything was so peaceful and still that toward supper time we heard many of the villagers preparing their rice, and the noise echoed from one side of the bay to the other.

"A native rajah, or chief, passed quite close to us on his way to Amboyna. His canoe was painted gaudily, red, white and blue. A raised platform, with an awning, for his majesty; his own ensign waving in the stern, and several

Dutch flags and streamers in every available place; about twenty oarsmen, and a full band, completed his retinue. The sharp racing-built canoe shot past us as though propelled by steam. I think it must have been some Malay fête day, for far into the night we heard, on both shores, the weird, monotonous music of the native 'gammelong,' and many fires and an unusual amount of noise after dark seemed to indicate the populace was having a general good time.

"On our starboard bow we had a fine view of Amboyna, the white houses and sparkling red-tiled roofs fairly smiling in the sunshine, and the circular mosque being very prominent. Fort Victoria and the extensive military buildings seemed to comprise most of the city, and the frequent bugle blasts told of the presence of a garrison. This was the only perceptible sign of life—not a European vessel in port, and the few native craft being hidden by a bend in the shore. Everything was so peaceful and quiet, the busy world seemed thousands of miles away; indeed it is really that to the Amboynese, as they have only one mail steamer a month. The arrival of a sailing ship is an event, and visitors

such a rarity that there is no hotel. People are born, live, and die without having known what excitement or change was.

"At the head of the bay the forest is denser, and comes unbroken down to the water, some trees probably being outside the high water mark. Like everything else hereabouts, the tides are slow, high water only once in twenty-four hours, and rise and fall as little as any reputable tide can do and keep up its reputation as a tide at all.

"Amboyna is, I think, the oldest European settlement in the Far East. It has been successively in the hands of the Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, English, and again restored to the Dutch when the Vienna Congress finally adjusted the territory and colonies of Europe. How old this city may be I do not know. One Sunday evening we strolled into a quaint old church, which a time-worn stone tablet announced was built in 1592. The pulpit and some of the furniture was very antique, of handsome dark wood, curiously carved, and the dull, cracked varnish that speaks of age.

"The natives of the city of Amboyna are mostly Protestants, the only Malay race that I

know of that has adopted any other form of religion than the Mohammedan. Judging from outward appearances the people are very religious, regular in church attendance, and in keeping many holy days and other ceremonials, apparently adopted from the Catholics. On Sundays the Christian women all wear a peculiar shiny black dress, with perhaps a bit of white tie or lace, but no colors or any of the gorgeous apparels that are seen in our churches. This simple costume might be adopted at home with advantage. Their unassuming garb serves as a distinction, being supposed to denote humility and a certain degree of equality among churchgoers. Parents give their children Bible names, in the Puritan fashion, Manassah F. Paul being the cognomen of our butcher. Scriptural names are very common in the Christian community.

"The Amboynese are lighter colored, larger, and better built than any others I have seen in the East. They strike out from the shoulder in real English style, which is a remarkable characteristic in an Asiatic. They fight and forgive, but on the whole they are a very light-hearted race, fond of music, quiet and civil, and fairly well educated—all being able to read and

write Dutch. Undoubtedly they are the happiest people I have ever seen. Their wants are few, so they have the reputation of being lazy, which I think undeserved. They show good sense in not doing unnecessary work.

"When we went in to the wharf we had a good deal of extra work to do, and twenty or thirty strong men jumped on board and helped carry our kedge anchors, heave away on hauling lines, and otherwise render valuable assistance, without expecting any pay. No other crowd of wharf loafers in the world would have done the like. While the ship was discharging coal they were always singing and joking among themselves, a favorite amusement being to shove an unsuspecting workman off the head of the pier into the water. Or sometimes the men would catch all the urchins within reach and throw them, with much force, into the water, they all being expert swimmers.

"As soldiers they are the best and bravest in the Dutch Indies, having greatly distinguished themselves in the Atchen War. Their home militia is constantly drilling, has a fine band, and they take much interest in military pursuits.

"Fort Victoria is large and imposing, and has

a fine avenue of shade trees within its walls. The post office and all the Government offices are within the enclosure. An old-fashioned moat, full of stagnant, green water, surrounds the embankments on the land side, and the bay on the other. I am not very well posted on such subjects, but I fancy this fort would not stand a vigorous attack from the ironclads of the present day.

"The nutmeg trees, which are very common, are in fruit or blossom nearly all the year round. They have a yellow flower, and the fruit is something like an unripe peach, with petals on the outside. When green they make a very nice preserve, which we find will not keep long enough to take home. All the best nutmegs and most of the cloves in the world come from Banda, Amboyna, and a few neighboring islands."

"Most of the beautiful birds of Paradise are found in Western Guinea, the Arrou and other Molucca Islands, for which Amboyna is the nearest port. In the forests are found many of the birds having the most beautiful and highly colored plumage in the world, but none of them sing. Mrs. Brown had a fine singing canary,

which we hung on our veranda, and every morning after breakfast the most prominent old Malay chief in the neighborhood would come and sit on the far corner of our veranda, rolling his straw-colored cigarette, and in silence listen to the canary until lunch time, day after day. He probably had never before heard a bird sing.

XII

The Girls and the Sailors

PHRA, the Phœnician, was a famous mariner two thousand years ago, and sailed through the Grecian Archipelago, beyond to Syracuse, and to the old site of Marseilles. He also voyaged on the unknown seas found after passing the Pillars of Hercules, even reaching Cornwall and bringing back the ingots of tin to the traders of Tyre.

Phra was commonly known as The Sailor, and waxed rich; and as was common in those days, he took unto himself several wives, who kept him from being lonely and homesick when he

made his long voyages. In appreciation of his wealth his fellow citizens said, with admiration, "Sailor has a wife in every port." This saying, coming down through the centuries, has been distorted into an undeserved reproach against all sailor men, conveying the impression that the poor feminines have suffered at the hands of the gay and gallant mariners. Harry Lauder was the first to question this tradition with the pertinent observation that if a sailor had a wife in every port, "Then take my tip, a sailor's wife has a man on every ship."

"So far as I can judge by my own observation, the ladies in every longitude have been amply able to look out for themselves for many years, and if we may trust George Bernard Shaw and certain other philosophers the statement would hold good from the time of King Tut, and probably before. However, the point I wish to make is that the poor sailors were more frequently fooled than the fair maidens were beguiled. Anyway, listen to the tale of Mary McLean.

As you walk up the main wharf at Auckland, New Zealand, you find a comfortable-looking hostelry, with the sign, "The Thames Inn," which was much frequented by those who go

down to the sea in ships. One end of the hotel had on the doors and windows the simple sign "Bar." Adjoining this was a more pretentious apartment, neatly curtained and decorated, with the artistic sign in small letters, "Private Bar."

The big bar was patronized by sailors, stevedores, dock wallopers, and the proletariat generally, but the private bar was reserved for captains, chief engineers, chief officers, brokers, ship chandlers, and charterers and consignees having business with the captains. The room was cozy, with a bright coal fire always in the grate, comfortable chairs and convenient tables, sporting prints on the walls, and a neat complete brass-railed bar at the end of the room, to say nothing of smoking accessories, all presided over by the beautiful and typical "Miss Mary McLean," a fine representative of the British barmaid.

Please bear in mind that I am writing of a very wicked custom, prevalent many years ago, and ten thousand miles away. Mary was a bonnie Scotch lassie, with sweet blue eyes, brown hair, plump and petite, and pretty enough to have been a movie star if she had lived forty years later. She usually wore a soft

black dress, fitting close and buttoned in the back, a simple pin clasping her white collar, and a colored ribbon in her hair. Mary looked sweet, simple, demure, and attractive, particularly to a newly arrived mariner who had been at sea four months in company only with a lot of tough sailors.

If young, the mariner was very likely to be sympathetic and sentimental, and the cheerful greeting of Miss Mary was sweet music to his masculine soul. After two pots of "arf & arf," which was a beastly, dark colored liquid (drawn from the wood, by means of bright metel levers), and which, I grieve to say, contained more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol, an *entente cordiale* was fairly well established.

Mary was friendly, and quite communicative. She recommended the cigars smoked by the most particular gentlemen; she stated, in strict confidence, that she was very fond of the sea and sailors—she meant real sailors, not steamboat men, unless she was talking to engineers, when she used the reverse English and spoke contemptuously of the wind-jammers. By the following day, when poor Jack revisited the

Thames, he was "hooked" properly. Indeed it was usually unnecessary for Mary to use any of her large reserve stock of blandishments.

In the course of conversation Mary admitted that next to sailors she dearly loved horses, and promptly an invitation was issued by her admirer to "take a drive tomorrow night," at which Mary was shocked, horrified, alarmed, and almost broke into tears. "Nothing like that" —her mother would never permit her to drive in the evening with any young man! In due course Mary was reassured and comforted, and timidly intimated that perhaps Mama would permit her to take a short ride on Sunday afternoon; and she further imparted the confidential information that Mr. Jones, who kept the large livery stable, had a wonderful pair of black horses that she had always wanted to drive with—especially when harnessed to the fine basket phaeton. By the payment of one pound on account the aforesaid horses were reserved for the following Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

As Mary usually had on hand a string of four or five first-class beaux, and twice that number in the field, obviously it behooved her to be discreet. In sweet confidence, at an opportune

time, Mary would tell all of her admirers how careful she must be, and how her engagement must be regarded as strictly confidential. Cæsar's wife could never have made a louder roar about her reputation than Mary did. While she was always so sorry that she could not talk more to her friend, yet she must avoid attracting attention or she might lose her position, and admiring swains were warned not to loiter too long over the attractive bar.

At two-thirty Sunday afternoon the host of the driving party would receive by messenger a sweet little note saying, with due regret, that unfortunately her mother was sick, and his expected guest was awfully sorry but could not go to drive that afternoon.

Registering disgust and disappointment, Jack proceeded to the livery stable to countermand his order. The black horses were harnessed, and ready for action. Jonesy swore that his chance to let the horses for Sunday afternoon was gone, and he had lost five pounds by Jack's cancellation, as he was offered that sum for the horses until eight o'clock that night. After considerable chaffering Jack usually compromised by paying two or three pounds, and he

would return on board ship a sadder but not a wiser man.

Well-informed Aucklanders state that these black horses were engaged by Mary's swains at various hours every Sunday afternoon, but Mary was never known to go driving except on Sunday evening, when a handsome young rancher from the Bay of Islands took charge of her and the black horse team, which the grateful Jones furnished without charge, and split the afternoon's receipts fifty-fifty with the canny Scotch lassie.

Mary not only had a good practical knowledge of the psychology of sailors, but she was a complete encyclopedia of maritime reports at Auckland. She knew the exact date of departure of all the vessels in the harbor, and she became tearful and melancholy to any of her admirers who were to sail the following day. The farther they were to sail the sweeter and more affectionate Mary was. Obviously a poor lonely mate bound for Liverpool was entitled to more consideration than an engineer bound for Sydney, who was likely to return in a few weeks.

It was currently reported, and I think slanderously, that Mary was engaged seven times each

week, but it was more creditable that she was given this number of gifts each week by the wicked sailors who "had a wife in every port."

Another little tableau was staged exclusively for clipper captains and such other gentry as seemed unusually flush. Mary was discovered weeping profusely. "What is the trouble?" Sob, sob, sob. Ultimately she controlled herself enough to grievously ejaculate between sobs, "I lost my brooch." After suitable soothing the following "facts" were elicited. The brooch was a wonderful gold malachite combination—it cost her twelve pound ten, and represented the savings of several years. No, it could not be replaced. Jenkins, the jeweler, had only two like it, and she was sure that the second one had been sold. More consolation was administered, and later in the day Mary was surprised and delighted to find that the second brooch had not been sold, but the captain had bought it and wanted Mary to accept this as a memento of his undying affection. The manner in which Mary simulated gratitude, reluctance and appreciation would do credit to a modern actress, but finally she did take the brooch, which was not again displayed in Jenkins' win-

day until after the clipper had sailed for home. The commissions on the sale of the malachite brooch made a nice little nest egg for Mary when she afterwards married her rancher.

Years after sailing from Auckland, if one skipper, meeting another in Callao or Calcutta, inquired, "Did you buy Mary a brooch?" it was a ten to one bet that the second skipper would blush through many coats of tan, and growl out a very indistinct and profane reply, not always responsive to the question.

The first mate of a barque that I was second mate on was a fine-looking German from Bremen, who, like many sailors, was very sentimental. He had three photographs of his wife hanging in different parts of his room. She was a pretty, modest, demure-looking woman, somewhat like one of Stephens' creations. Many a night on a long passage to Hongkong did I have to listen to tales of the goodness, virtues and beauty of Mrs. Mate. I never got much satisfaction from hearing a man describe the excellent and alluring qualities of his wife. It is admittedly much worse, however, when one has to listen to a wife describing the virtues of her husband who is several thousand miles away.

A few years ago, on an extended cruise, I sat alongside a charming lady on the deck, who I honestly think was homesick for her good husband at home. She was not tongue-tied, and in the course of a few weeks I knew that her mate was the acme of generosity; he had never spoken a cross word to her; he never drank liquor himself but always wanted to keep a few bottles of beer in the ice-box for wicked visitors; he believed in wearing woolen underclothing, and on cold mornings always drew the bath for his charming wife. I might keep on with a much longer description, but it was this kind of stuff that I had to listen to from the mate who admired his wife, left alone back in Liverpool.

One night in Hongkong the mate of an American ship lying near us came on board for supper, and when he was shown into our mate's room after the meal, notwithstanding he was a rather morose, taciturn down-east Yankee, he indicated a great deal of interest in the photographs hanging around the bunk. Thereupon he was duly informed that they were of the mate's wife, and her biography was briefly recited, the lonely husband emphasizing the fact that he had not seen his darling wife for nearly two years.

A night or two afterwards we paid a return visit to the American ship, and in the Yankee mate's room was a picture similar to the one that our mate had. In response to a rather indignant inquiry the Yankee mate "allowed" the lady was his wife, and exhibited a few loving letters to confirm his statement. The Bremen gentleman said that he had sent thirty pounds home to "his" as soon as he arrived in Hongkong. The Yankee said, "So did I." Then he said, "Let's go on shore." Two days afterwards the mates returned to their respective vessels, aided by the very efficient police department of Hongkong. They had had a genuinely hilarious celebration, broken off all entangling alliances, and did not make any further remittances to Liverpool.

I could relate many similar incidents, but I wish simply to suggest that sailors as a class treated their wives and sweethearts a little better than any other class of men did.

American shipowners rather encouraged their captains to take their wives with them, their theory being that a captain would look out for the ship much better in port if he was accompanied by his wife. It was very seldom that

English captains were permitted to take their wives, the English point of view being that a captain would be down below enjoying his wife's company rather than driving the ship from the deck.

The American clippers had most excellent accommodations, very few modern steamers having finer woodwork and better decorations in their cabins than these old American ships had. There was usually an organ in the after cabin, and some vessels even had room for a piano. The captain's wife was able to keep a good collection of plants in the skylight, and on foreign voyages quite an assortment of birds was collected.

The first bathroom that I ever saw was on a vessel built in 1868, and a few years later, when we put a bathroom in our house, the fact was noticed in the city paper as a news item.

The staterooms were comfortable, large enough for an upright desk and a couch, and there was usually considerable richly ornamented gilt work over the wooden panels and pillars in the cabins. The wives of most captains readily became good sailors, were happy and comfortable, and had an opportunity of

seeing the world, which privilege was not as accessible to their sisters at home as it is fifty years later.

It was a Scotch skipper who observed to his friend, when he was negotiating for employment, "I dinna' care, mon, about the wages—it's the wee small pickin's that I'm after."

One of these Scotch skippers had for a passenger a noted artist, who made the voyage of several months from Liverpool to Melbourne. The stateroom doors in the cabin were finished in ivory and gilt. Perhaps the artist did not have any canvas, but he did have plenty of time. Anyway, he decorated the door panels in a highly artistic manner, so that when the skipper went around to Sydney he was able to sell the doors for several hundred pounds. He replaced them with as good doors as were originally in the cabin, the incidental revenue being regarded as one of the proper perquisites of the commanding officer.

XIII

Shipwreck

EVERY sailor of any social standing has been shipwrecked. The following is taken verbatim from a journal I kept in 1876, and which was published by the *Newburyport Herald,* January 7, 1888:

"It is so long since I have had any wish or opportunity to journalize that it seems odd to resume. I see in my last entry I was bewailing the lack of variety and excitement on shipboard, but during the past few days I have had all the excitement (of the kind), that I wish for in the course of my natural existence. Events have transpired in this brief interval of time that will

be indelibly impressed on my memory. I have never been exposed to exceptional danger before. Therefore what to me may seem quite an adventure to others may appear a trifling affair, but I hope never to be placed in the same circumstances again.

"Last Thursday evening we had a fine fair wind, and our hearts beat high with fond hopes and anticipations of a speedy arrival in port. Just at sunset we sighted Lawn and Kekik Islands, and a few hours later Pisang, just as we expected, and we felt quite confident that upon arising next morning we should be at the entrance of Dampier Straits. But 'Man proposes and God disposes,' and we had a very forcible illustration of this old adage in this case.

"I retired early, and about one o'clock a.m. I was awakened by hearing the captain, in stentorian tones, cry out, 'Hard-a-port,' 'Call all hands,' 'Brace round the yards.' I knew at once that something out of the usual course of events had taken place, and hastily rushed on deck. I could see on the port side some small breakers, and in a few minutes I felt her strike—once, twice, thrice, in quick succession. I never before realized the feeling one has when he is on board

a ship that strikes on a rock or shoal at dead of night, and indeed it is a feeling that one can understand only by experience. To be surrounded by breakers, the ship striking heavily every moment on a desert and unknown coast, and every wave threatening to carry away the masts or dash the vessel to pieces, is nothing if not disconcerting. By means of bracing the yards in every direction we got the vessel to forge ahead and clear, a short distance. For the moment we had a slight hope of being all right, but it was quickly dissipated, for we began striking harder than before on a second reef, and it afterwards transpired that we were encircled by a complete labyrinth of reefs in every direction, none of which are down on the chart. Mr. Kimball was with me on the quarter deck when she struck, and we both hastened forward to be of whatever assistance we could in working the ship.

"Mr. Scott was sounding all around the vessel with the hand lead, and every minute or two would cry out, 'By the mark three,' 'Quarter less three,' 'Two and a half,' etc., etc.—three fathoms being the extreme depth.

"Once again everything possible was done in

an effort to liberate us from our perilous position, but all to no purpose. The officers and crew worked splendidly, and everything was done decently and in order. The sails were furled. Jim was relieved from the wheel in order to assist about the work, and I had the privilege of steering what we then thought was the last trick at the wheel of our gallant bark. While the men were furling the sails the vessel kept striking so hard that the masts shook like reeds, whereupon the men became too frightened to stay aloft and descended. But on the order being given they quickly recommenced their perilous task. And now all we could do was to wait anxiously for daybreak. On account of the men having worked so hard and being physically exhausted, they were all offered a glass of grog; to my great surprise only three accepted it. Most of the others had been hard drinkers, but had signed the pledge in New York during the temperance movement, and seemed determined to keep their resolution.

"We still continued to thump very hard, and it was deemed advisable to have the boats cleared away, ready for an emergency. For some time after we struck we were too busy to

make any preparations for leaving the ship. Confused thoughts of Robinson Crusoe and other sea stories hurried across my mind, and as soon as an opportunity offered I went below and got my overcoat and jacket ready to put on, and loading my pockets with everything that might come in handy in case of shipwreck, *viz.*: a revolver, fish hooks, twine, all the mate's lunch (gingersnaps, salt beef and biscuits), can of sardines, Testament, pictures of all my friends, box of cartridges, can of condensed coffee, etc., etc. Everything was crammed in pell mell, and a pretty mess of my pockets it made.

"As time advanced it became evident that the tide was rising and the ship would certainly hold together for some hours to come. The wind, too, had all died away. So we were told to make a small bundle of our most valuable and necessary articles, and to be ready to embark at short notice. Then the cabin presented a scene of indescribable confusion. Our trunks were huddled together in the middle of the floor, and we were all engaged in packing. Among other dangers we dreaded an attack from savages, most probably cannibals, and the command was to open a case of rifles and revolvers and load

them. For the time we had quite an arsenal in the Captain's room, and we all armed in a most formidable and warlike manner.

"By this time it was light enough to distinguish that we were on a very shallow, rocky shoal, about four miles distant from a very pretty little group of green islands of all shapes and sizes. We were nearly on the southern extremity of the reef, and could see bottom very plainly. At daybreak Mr. Janvrin took the small boat and went out to sound all around the ship for some distance, finding at last a channel into deep enough water to float her, which was the first thing to be done. The kedge anchor was put out astern and a hawser was fastened to the capstan, and for some hours all hands worked hard, but without accomplishing much.

"It became evident that in order to get her off we must lighten the cargo anyway, and then there was no surety that it would have the desired effect. But the order was given, and in a short time the hatches were off and huge cases of tobacco, cases of steel saws and scales, barrels of pitch, and everything belonging to the ship not necessary to the working of her, were indiscriminately consigned to 'Davy Jones' Locker.'

In a few hours thousands of dollars' worth of goods were gone forever, to be sunk or to drift ashore on the desert isles.

"By this time the day was pretty well advanced and the ship was striking all the time, and the captain called the crew aft and made a short speech. He said that he expected them all to do their duty promptly; the discipline of the ship would be fully preserved; that we were in a bad scrape, but many a sicker horse than we had been cured; that he should do all possible on the morrow to get her off, but thought best to provide for all possible contingencies. Therefore we should finish the day by making boat sails, etc., filling boat's water casks and getting provisions ready. At night, in order to give the mates and men all the rest possible, the night was divided into three watches, the captain, Mr. Kimball, and myself, each taking three or four hours.

"The vessel kept striking very hard the first part of the night, and our feelings were not to be envied. As I walked the deck alone in the night I could not help wondering if I should ever see home and loved ones again, and if so, when? I knew well that if a heavy wind came up we

should inevitably be dashed to pieces on the rocks, and then what? We might take to our boats, but there was no civilized country within hundreds of miles.

"Amboyna, about two hundred miles to the southward, was the only place mentioned on the chart, and no one on board knew anything about it. Perchance it was only a small trading port, two or three vessels calling there in a year, and a two hundred miles in an open boat is not an alluring prospect by any means. Our rudder was nearly disabled, being raised up six or eight inches and out of the gudgeons; vessel leaking badly and quite likely a hole in her bottom.

"The men all felt quite blue, but every one on board worked to the extent of his ability, and when night came was utterly exhausted. Saturday all hands 'turned to' at daylight, and one of the anchors, with chains and hauling lines attached, was got out and fastened to the after capstan. Before breakfast (10 a.m.) and after breakfast an attempt to force her off by these means had partially succeeded, when the strain was so severe on the after capstan as to break it. Several pieces flew off, but fortunately no one was injured. This was a severe loss, as we

had to resort to the windlass, which was not half so convenient; but by dint of much hard labor we at last succeeded in getting her afloat. How we worked! But the result fully repaid.

"Sunday dawned bright and clear (indeed we were greatly favored with good weather all the time we were on the reef), and operations were resumed at daybreak, it clearly being a work of dire necessity. All hands were set to work discharging coal. Jim (one of the crew) in his early life had been a diver, and for twenty-five dollars agreed to go down and report as far as possible the condition of the ship. He went around the ship as far as possible, and made his report: 'Copper off, rudder badly damaged, keel gone, planks stove in,' and other nautical phrases that I failed to fully comprehend. Holes were bored in the rudder and it was secured as well as possible by chains. There were thousands of fish of all kinds and sizes around us during our enforced stay on the reef, but they would not bite anything. When night came the men were so tired it was deemed best to give them an opportunity to recruit their energies, unless we had a favorable wind for getting off. Tuesday buoyed a channel out, and continued

discharging coal, all the while hoping for a fair wind.

"Wednesday we had a good wind, and headed SSW, and got under way, and at 12 m. Boe Islands were fast disappearing from view.

"Owing to the severe thumping the vessel received, the chronometer was out of the way some fifteen miles. The charts are very inaccurate, those regions being very little known. We proceeded on our voyage with many misgivings. We could not tell how much our vessel would leak, or how our rudder would work. Any moment we might be in extreme danger."

I may add that when it is necessary to jettison cargo to make a sacrifice to save the ship, the loss occurring comes under the head of general average, and a proportionate contribution is made on the value of the ship, cargo, and freight. This custom dates back to the days of the Phœnicians.

It was necessary for us to throw overboard considerable valuable cargo, to get at the heavier cargo in the lower hold, and in the square of the main hatch, which was first reached, there was a large quantity of case tobacco. The captain gave strict orders to the chief mate that all the

tobacco must be thrown overboard, to comply with the law. The mate repeated the commands to the second mate, and the second mate was supposed to watch the hatch, but with the natural sympathy for the sailors who coveted the good tobacco, he left his job at times, and notwithstanding the doubt as to whether the vessel would ever get off the reef, the forecastle was pretty well filled with tobacco.

On shipboard the tobacco was usually sold from the "Slop Chest," and the profit was one of the privileges accruing to the captain. The standard price of plug tobacco was one dollar and a half per pound, and when this commodity was short I have known tobacco to sell as high as ten dollars per pound.

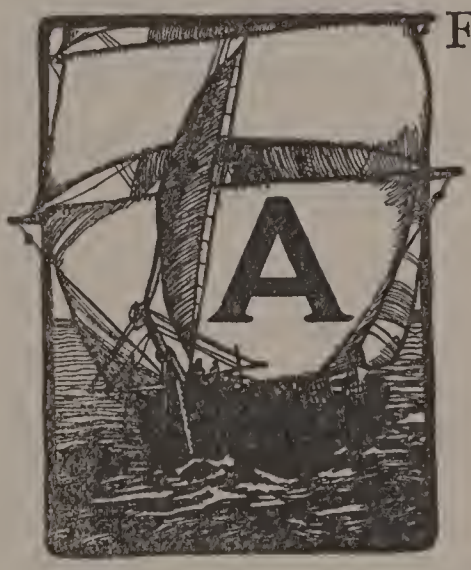
Two or three days after we lightened the ship and got off the reef, we sailed through Dampier Straits, and the natives from New Guinea on the one side and the Northern Islands on the other came on board to trade, bringing monkeys, parrots, java sparrows, cocoanuts, shells, and other island commodities. The natives thought that after trading for many years they knew the value of tobacco, and on being offered several pounds of tobacco by the sailors for a bunch

of bananas, concluded that the only honest sailors alive were these on the *Agate*. Probably never before or since have the natives had as much tobacco in their possession.

When we arrived at Shanghai and the vessel was put in dry dock, there were several feet of planking on each bow that were chafed by the coral, so that there was only about one-half inch of solid plank left in several places.

XIV

Personalities or Personal Recollections



FTER the Civil War the boys of that period regarded "guerilla" and "gorilla" as nearly synonymous. They knew that these monsters were alike to be dreaded as brutal and cruel, and Morgan, Mosby, Cantrell, and other famous chieftains were pictured as the James boys were in a later generation. Our good old dime novels featured frequently the villainies and cruelties of the rebel guerillas, whom brave Union officers shot down in flocks.

President Hayes, on the recommendation of General Grant, appointed Col. John S. Mosby as Consul General at Hongkong, and when I went on shore with our captain, to sign the usual protest after a ship has experienced heavy weather, I was much interested to know that I was going to meet a real guerilla. As I was

young enough to have a vague apprehension that I might be butchered in cold blood if I did anything to offend the former chief, I was quite surprised on meeting a handsome, distinguished-looking man, with most courtly manners. His quick, decided expressions indicated his force and ability.

Colonel Mosby was the first well-known Southerner to realize that, the war being over, it was essential to the future development of our Nation that the North and South should be reconciled. His broad and liberal views were bitterly assailed by the narrow partisans, and he was very unpopular in the South, but in later years his courage and wisdom were at least partly recognized by thinking people.

In 1882, when I carried Chinese passengers from Hongkong to Victoria, I became quite well acquainted with Colonel Mosby, and greatly enjoyed his reminiscences. I learned to have great respect for his ability, and to admire his wide fund of general information. I think Mosby was often lonely, and he would frequently have breakfast with me on shipboard on Sunday morning, when we had the standard New England breakfast, Mosby saying, "The only good

thing the damned Yankees ever did was when they invented baked beans."

Forty years ago our consular service was not creditable, nor competent. Appointments were made almost entirely for political reasons. Most consuls were notoriously unfit for their positions. Many were dishonest, and many more were a disgrace to their country. Mosby was one of our first capable, efficient, honest consuls. He was a good lawyer, and took a real pride in the service. No fees were ever taken by him to which the government had the slightest claim; invoices were scrutinized as never before; malpractices were abolished, and the Hongkong Consulate was reformed to such an extent that Mosby was maligned and abused by several of our political consuls in the Far East. He upheld the dignity of the United States on all occasions. Once to such an extent that the Governor, Pope Hennessey, threatened to put him in jail. Mosby, who was witty and sarcastic, wrote the Governor such a caustic and clever letter, which the newspapers published, that Hennessey was made to appear ridiculous.

At times Mosby suffered severely from some old wounds. Then he was irritable, and dis-

played a very bad temper. When he was mad he had the hardest, ugliest, coldest eye that I have ever seen. A fellow shipmate told me this anecdote:

He was in the Consul's office one noon when most of the clerks were out for their luncheon, and only a few Chinese employees remained in the room with the Consul, who happened to be having a bad day. On a table near the desk was a fine collection of weapons, spears, crisses, bows and arrows, etc., that some one brought to Mosby from the Caroline Islands. He was displaying these with pride and interest when three sailors forced themselves into the private office, carrying a heavy load, and led by what seamen called a big "muck-mouthed" Irishman. They were ordered out, but instead of obeying began a loud harangue about the injustice of sending them to jail, from which it appeared they had recently been released. A second time they were ordered out, but to no avail. The intruders began to abuse our government, and all connected therewith, calling the Consul himself a "damned old rebel." Mosby grabbed a heavy spear and threw it with full force within a foot of the orator's head. He reached for a second

spear, but the sailors put for the door with all speed. If the spear had struck fairly there would have been a dead man.

The advantages taken of their positions by most of the prominent consuls who returned from the Orient comparatively rich men might have been considered semi-legitimate, but Mosby's integrity was above reproach, and he came back to the United States as poor a man as he went.

After all the years that have passed I like to pay my modest tribute to this most able, honorable, and efficient public servant.

More than thirty years ago the Skylight Club of Minneapolis assembled in Harwood's studio, around a large, cheerful wood fire, and over the pipes and ale (four per cent) in pleasant companionship, discussed national and international affairs with the confidence and freedom of youth.

Later the meetings were held in the elegant quarters of the "North Western Miller," William C. Edgar being one of the founders and prominent members of the organization.

One of the frequent functions of the Club in the winter season was entertaining distinguished

visitors from the East after lectures and entertainments, as Minneapolis in those days was considered in the extreme west. It was on an occasion of this kind that I first met Frank Hopkinson Smith, the highest type of a real American gentleman. He was handsome, attractive, frank, sincere, and had most charming manners. This was about the time of the Armenian massacres, when Gladstone was sympathetic, and the "unspeakable Turk" was being abused by indignant Club members. Mr. Smith, who was well acquainted with the Near East, was the first man I ever heard defend the Turks and consider fairly their grievances and provocations. For an hour he entertained us with interesting character sketches and fascinating accounts of the Turks and their neighbors, concerning whom he possessed a rare fund of knowledge.

I have often thought that I would sooner have been Hopkinson Smith than any man I have ever known, a prominent and successful engineer; an artist of recognized merit; one of the best and most popular of American authors, and an excellent reader, who never failed to display marked dramatic ability. I am sure that

he would have made a great actor. He had a distinguished personality and a most attractive smile, and his whole being in social intercourse unmistakably marked the born gentleman.

One evening about six o'clock I called for him at the Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh to take him to the train for Sewickley, where he was to dine with me before his lecture. The night was dirty, slushy and snowy. As usual, Mr. Smith was dressed perfectly—tall hat, white vest, elegant seal-lined overcoat, and fresh gloves. There were not many people at the station, and as we were walking down the platform Mr. Smith saw a stout, poorly dressed Slavish woman carrying two large baskets. Raising his hat, as though addressing a duchess, and taking one of her baskets, he assisted her up the steps, opened the door, and ushered her into the car before the astonished woman could realize what had happened. Presumably she had never before in all her life had any such attention. The whole thing on his part was so simple, natural, and sincere that it was impressed upon my memory indelibly.

On another visit to Pittsburgh Mr. Smith had breakfast with me, and later we were sitting on

the club sofa together smoking—his cigars, by the way, as he usually had his own brand of special Havanas, which were excellent. He did not seem inclined to take chances on smoking strong ones. In the course of our conversation he asked me, "What is your college, Captain?" I replied promptly that "I never had the advantage of a college education." Immediately he put his arm around my shoulder, and said, "Neither had I." He thought that I might be sensitive, and his impulsive, considerate response was characteristic, and indicative of his broad sympathy.

A year later he wrote me a cordial note from Youngstown, where he was lecturing, and asked me to lunch with him next day in Pittsburgh at the Schenley Hotel. I waited for him a few minutes, and, notwithstanding his seventy years, when he crossed the lobby his step was alert and vigorous. He looked as fresh and distinguished as a prince, with his braid-bound cutaway, carnation in buttonhole, fancy vest, exclusive necktie, carefully creased trousers, perfect shoes—the well groomed and up-to-date cosmopolitan. As soon as we entered the dining room it was evident that the head waiter had been inter-

viewed. We had a choice table, and the freshly opened oysters came on without any delay. Following a clear soup the aforesaid waiter, with great pride, brought for my host's inspection a bottle of fine old Burgundy—dirty and cobwebbed, and from the French conversation that followed I inferred that the wine had a proper pedigree. Then followed a thick, fine beefsteak, with a special sauce, potatoes and other vegetables. After the keen edge of our appetite had been somewhat dulled, he leisurely and skillfully prepared a delightful compound of roquefort, butter and Worcester sauce, after which he took some chilled sliced oranges, powdered them with sugar, and carefully poured Kirsch liqueur over the dainty dish. During the luncheon the head waiter, apparently realizing that he was serving an appreciative guest, appeared frequently and received commendations or friendly suggestions. After this all we had was small coffee, cigars, and a little old Cognac, and I am sure we felt happy and satisfied.

One reason why I remember this luncheon so well is that at that particular time, as is common to gentlemen advancing in years, I showed a tendency to put on some additional weight.

It was during what I might call the "diet craze," and I had been reducing my rations to comply with the style of the times. But after I talked to and dined with my esteemed host, and admired his mental and physical condition equaled by so few men of his age, I made up my mind that there was a great deal of humbug in dieting, and that for the few remaining years of my life I would eat and drink what I wanted. This course of procedure has had satisfactory results up to date.

After luncheon we went over to an exhibit of paintings that was being held at Carnegie Institute, where I greatly enjoyed listening for nearly two hours to Mr. Smith's remarks and criticisms on the paintings, interspersed with anecdotes of the artists, with many of whom he was personally acquainted.

Mr. Smith said when he was painting that he liked to get up very early in the morning and work as long as the light lasted, but if he did not finish his water color in a day that it was very hard for him to resume work later on the same picture.

On one occasion Mr. Smith told me that he was greatly troubled because he had accepted

a check for one thousand dollars for a magazine article several months before, and had not yet written the article. I inferred that the editor counted on assuring the article beyond doubt by sending the check in advance. As we were sitting smoking he told me about a book he contemplated writing, and afterwards, in an autographed copy of "The Arm Chair at the Inn" which he gave me, he referred to our conversation as follows:

"For my dear friend, Captain Brown, into whose patient ear I poured the unwritten details of this book many months before they were put into type."

XV

Recollections Continued

RS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART was for several years a fellow citizen of mine in Sewickley. Sewickley is a beautiful and prominent suburb of Pittsburgh. She was attractive, modest, talented, and always friendly and social. When she wrote "The After House" she asked me to look over her manuscript, to correct any grave nautical errors. While, so far as I know, she had little experience or knowledge of the sea, I found only two or three technical mistakes, and these would not have been noticed by an ordinary reader. With the exception of Kipling and Conrad I do not know of any author whose sea stories are as free from glaring errors as hers. I have an autographed collection of books written by authors with whom I have been acquainted, and Mrs.

Rinehart was kind enough to write on the front leaf in a copy of "The After House," which she gave me, as follows:

"To Captain Brown, whose nautical skill and kindly assistance enable *The Ella* to steer a safe, if not uneventful, voyage, this little book is sent, with the thanks and appreciation of its author."

Mrs. Rinehart is a remarkable woman, having unusual characteristics, which for want of a better name I term "savez." By "savez" I mean a combination of tact, common sense, quick perception, knowledge, and broad sympathy. She is a hard worker, and has earned her success by her ability, keen observation, and industry.

My reference to Kipling reminds me of his remarkable accuracy in all nautical details, even when his references are quite technical. In his poem, "The Mary Gloster," he correctly locates "Little Paternoster Shoals" in Macassar Straits. Few readers would care if he had written Carimata or Dampier Straits, but I nearly ran ashore on these Shoals once, so I know the difference. I have read with great appreciation all of Kipling's books, and I never noted a nau-

tical error. Conrad, on the other hand, rarely goes into details.

A few months before we declared war with Germany I was lunching with Senator McKinley, at the Metropolitan Club, Washington, and, as we were approaching the elevator to go down, the Senator said, "Would you like to meet Bernstorff?" Almost before I could signify my pleasure at doing so he introduced me to the German Ambassador, who was coming to the elevator from another direction. This was at a time when our indignation against Germany and the Germans was very tense, and few men in the world were carrying a heavier load of responsibility and trouble than the Count was. He was a fine-looking man, with a modified military carriage, elegantly dressed in a dark gray cutaway suit, carnation in buttonhole, a gentleman, and a polished man of the world. He was most gracious. I could fairly assume that his chief aim for the moment was to be cordial and friendly. He asked the Senator some questions about his home town, Champlain, Ill., where he had delivered an address at the University the year before. He manifested his interest in, and knowledge of, Pittsburgh, was suave, almost

deferential, deliberately appealing to a man's vanity. I bade him good-by, and felt that I had enjoyed an interview with a very remarkable man, possessed of great latent power and ability.

I spent a very pleasant forenoon in the early summer one year in President Taft's office, listening to eloquent and learned arguments as to what whiskey was, legally. The consideration of this question was brought about under Doctor Wiley's administration of the Pure Food Laws.

John G. Carlisle, formerly Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland, appeared for the Louisville distillers, who contended that the name "whiskey" could only be applied to grain distillates. Lawrence Maxwell, of Cincinnati, upheld the rights of the distillers who blended. Joseph Choate, of New York, eloquently argued for the rights of "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey." Mr. Bullitt, of Louisville, afterwards Solicitor General of the United States, represented the molasses interests. The Attorney General, several Cabinet Ministers, and other noted lawyers who were present, made the assemblage a rather remarkable one.

I was impressed greatly with the quick legal

perceptions of President Taft. Nobody could fail to be struck by his fine, fair, judicial mind, which enabled him to quickly brush aside argumentative humbug, and with remarkable clarity of thought and expression his decisions or opinions were prompt and sagacious.

A year or two later I attended a banquet given to President Taft in Minneapolis, which was an unusually enjoyable occasion. The menu consisted chiefly of the products of Minnesota—white fish from Lake Superior, prairie chickens, wild rice, etc. The Chairman of the Committee had samples of the different dishes that were to be served cooked on three separate occasions, and subjected to the criticism of connoisseurs. The waiters were drilled in advance, and wore distinctive uniforms, original and suitable. The wine list was not large, but the wines were of an excellent and unusually good character. I recollect this occasion as one of the pleasantest large dinners that I ever attended.

The day following the President was given a small luncheon at the Lafayette Club, Lake Minnetonka, where he was to meet a party of more than forty distinguished Japanese, who were on their way East. I was within twelve

feet of the President as the visitors passed down the line between us, and could hear distinctly every word that he spoke. Now ordinarily when I attend a function of this character the receiving statesman smiles, offers a few cheap platitudes, and sometimes pretends to know me, although not having the slightest idea of my identity.

It is difficult to remember and correctly place Orientals, but President Taft gave what seemed to me to be a very unusual exhibition of a fine memory. Indeed I may say his quick recognition and prompt and correct placing of his visitors was the most remarkable I ever witnessed. He called many of the Japanese by their names, or recognized who they were, and would occasionally refer to "your distinguished father, the Baron." Pointing out of the open window looking toward the Lake he would ask, "Does not this remind you of that place near Tokio?" He spoke to me of the gentleman who was on a committee that had presented the President with a tea service when he was in Japan, and he said that Mrs. Taft used this set frequently. Calling to Pudge Heffelfinger, who was near a window, he said, "Pudge, here

is one of your Yale men." The President's remarks were ready, graceful and natural; and must have delighted those to whom he spoke.

So far as I know, President Taft's unusual recollection of people has not been featured in the newspapers. I met Mr. Henry W. Taft at a wedding, and asked him if the family had recognized this attribute of his brother's. He said that they had, and related an illustrative story. At the Grand Opera in New York a lady greeted his brother and said, "I presume that you do not remember me, Mr. Taft?" The prompt reply came, "Why certainly I do, Mrs. ———," calling the lady by name. Mr. Taft said he did not think that the President had met or heard of the lady for twenty years. Apropos of memories, Mr. Taft told me an anecdote of Disraeli, who was so frequently embarrassed while at the height of his political career by his inability to recall names or faces that it became quite a custom of his, when he was introduced to some prominent man, whom he knew he ought to recognize, to grasp his hand, look at him with his impressive and dramatic manner, and with deep solicitude exclaim, "How is your old complaint?" and the gentle-

man greeted was likely to go off in a canter about his ailments. I have tried this experiment myself, and it usually works well, if it is cleverly enough feigned.

XVI

President McKinley, Secretaries Mellon and Hitchcock, Jim Hill, Melville Stone, Tom Lowry

IN October, 1899, when the First Minnesota Regiment returned from the Philippines, President McKinley and five members of his Cabinet visited Minneapolis to meet the returned soldiers.

The reception committee which was to greet the Presidential party met the train at Red Wing. I was invited to accompany the committee, and was given the opportunity for an hour or two to meet and observe some of the great men of the country.

It was evident that Mrs. McKinley was even more of an invalid than the newspapers had indicated, and she certainly was a very exacting invalid, apparently in a very nervous condition. President McKinley was one of the most patient

and attentive husbands I have ever known of. He was frequently called to Mrs. McKinley's compartment, and she interrupted his conversation several times, but she seemed to be always the first object of the President's solicitude.

I had not seen the President since the National Convention of 1892, when, during one of the sessions, with great energy and sincerity, he eloquently declined to be a Presidential candidate, as he considered himself fairly pledged to support Mr. Harrison. During the intervening period it seemed to me that the President had aged and grown more serious, but his kindly, courteous manner was the same.

Professor McElroy, who wrote a biography of Grover Cleveland, quotes the latter's opinion of McKinley, after he had a long talk with him, as follows:

"He is an honest, sincere, and serious man, who will have the best interests of the people at heart."

I think that a man having the tact, experience, and coöperative quality that McKinley had is likely to be under-rated, but I believe that he often serves his country better than a more strenuous leader, or a visionary idealist,

and in the period of rehabilitation beginning in 1896 he was a conciliator and a conservative, when the nation needed rest and a decrease in political antagonisms.

After the Minneapolis celebration, which included a rather long prayer and the usual addresses, the Presidential party and some of the friends of Thomas Lowry were invited to lunch at Mr. Lowry's residence. I sat near Secretary Wilson, of Iowa, who, when some one commented on the length of the prayer, perpetrated the pretty witticism that "the distinguished Bishop was not praying to the Creator, but to the press reporters."

It seems fitting to say that Mr. Thomas Lowry was one of the most popular and prominent men in the Northwest—able, cordial, energetic; a typical broad-gauged Westerner of the best quality.

It was about ten minutes later than the announced hour for lunch, and there was an air of restiveness and curiosity among the guests. Mr. Lowry, who was an excellent story-teller, was entertaining the President, who was laughing heartily, as were some of the other guests, when there seemed to be a general silence and a

changed atmosphere, and James J. Hill entered the door. He was dressed in a plain business suit, and, totally disregarding any formalities, he pushed through to the head of the room, casually saluted his host, and greeted the President. Mr. McKinley assumed a serious expression almost as soon as he saw Mr. Hill approaching, and they engaged in earnest conversation for a few minutes before luncheon was announced. Mr. Hill was seated on the President's right. He paid little attention to his luncheon, but continued his talk, as it seemed to me, to the point of rudeness. Whether he thought finally that he was not giving the President a chance to eat, or that he had something of importance to say to Secretary Hitchcock on his left, I do not know, but he turned and talked earnestly to the Secretary, until something came to his mind to say to the President. He wasted very little time on social amenities, let alone frivolous conversation.

After most of the guests left the table, James J. remained seated, and the Secretary of Agriculture moved up next to him. There promptly ensued another business session, after which another prominent gentleman took the place of

Secretary Wilson, and it was evident Mr. Hill wanted to see his last caller. One or two more followed, and I observed that Mr. Hill kept his seat and all visitors came to him. In this assemblage of secretaries, senators and prominent men Mr. Hill is fixed clearly in my memory as the strongest, most forceful, and masterful of all those present. His full gray beard, clear, piercing eyes, with bushy eyebrows, and leonine appearance were revelations of the man—a very unusual character, and a great pioneer of the Northwest.

Some years later I was in St. Paul, visiting my good friend George Thompson, of the *Pioneer Press and Despatch,* and by his courtesy was included among the guests of Mr. Louis Hill, who was entertaining the Governors of the Northwest, to consider the question of National conservation, at that time a foremost concern of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. J. J. Hill was to have been one of the speakers, but it was reported at the last minute that he was unable to be present. However, after lunch had been served and several addresses had been made, Mr. Hill came into the room, and was cordially greeted. Being urged by Governor

Eberhardt to make a few remarks, he spoke easily and forcefully for over an hour. He expressed his views on conservation vigorously and intelligently, displaying a firm grasp of the practical features of his subject. He was most scornful and contemptuous in his references to Roosevelt. Later he discoursed on water transportation. He had a wonderful knowledge of facts and figures pertaining to transportation, and I had never heard any man talk more intelligently and instructively for an hour. James J. Hill was one of the great men of his period, shrewd, sagacious, far-seeing, and a hard worker. He earned his success by his ability, force, and industry.

The Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company is the only Corporation in the United States which has had the honor of furnishing two Cabinet Officers during the past twenty years.

Hon. Ethan Allan Hitchcock, who was associated with the plate-glass industry for many years, after being Ambassador to Russia, was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President McKinley. His appointment was renewed by President Roosevelt, and he continued in office for nine years, an unusually long term.

Mr. Hitchcock was a typical high-principled business man of the old school, dignified, the soul of integrity, and gifted with excellent judgment. For several years he was head of the house of Oliphant & Company in China, the Oliphant firm being one of the most prominent American firms for several years on the China Coast, and this at a time when American firms were more prominent in the Chinese trade than those of any other nation. Mr. Hitchcock was not a good politician, but he was a hard-working, conscientious representative of the Government, who fought strenuously against the so-called Lumber Ring, and later against the efforts of corrupt speculators to rob the Indians and the Government in the Southwest.

Mr. Hitchcock was a reticent and rather austere man. While in office he was very careful and very cautious as to what he said. After his resignation he and I were the guests of Mr. John Pitcairn for a few days, fishing for tarpon at Aransas Pass, and after a successful day's fishing, while we were enjoying our after-dinner cigar, Mr. Hitchcock related the following anecdote, which I think is interesting as showing one phase of Roosevelt's character:

There was a regular hour set in the afternoon for Cabinet meetings. One day the President came in about a half hour late, bespattered with mud, saying that he had had a bully ride, and quite enthusiastic in his expressions of his enjoyment. A week or two later the same thing happened, except that the President was even later than before, whereupon Secretary Hay, in a very courteous manner, said, "Mr. President, do you not think we had better have another hour for our Cabinet Meetings, or you had better take another hour for your riding?"

Mr. Hitchcock said that President Roosevelt took the implied rebuke with graciousness, and that he was very seldom, if ever, late at Cabinet Meetings thereafter.

Hon. Andrew W. Mellon was a director of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. for a comparatively short time, and so many complimentary comments have been made upon Mr. Mellon's sagacious and successful conduct of the Treasury Department that it would be superfluous to commend him as he deserves. From my own experience I know that he is a man of remarkable executive ability, equipped with an uncommonly retentive memory. After he became a

member of our Board of Directors he used to inquire occasionally about some matter that had been considered by the directors several months since, which he had remembered perfectly. Mr. Mellon's advice was always wise; he was able, progressive, and liberal in his point of view. He is very modest, and evidently scorns the arts of oratory and humbuggery, which are closely akin, except in the case of the rare natural orator who has something worth while to say. His diffidence prevents him from speaking frequently in public, but he is a charming and forceful conversationalist. However, on one occasion I heard him make a most graceful, witty and entertaining five-minute address to a small company.

During the twenty-five years that I have lived in Pittsburgh I have never heard any unkind criticism or mean abuse of Mr. Mellon, or any member of the Mellon family.

I was born in the East, but lived thirteen years in Minnesota, and have visited frequently most of the important cities of the West. I have traveled much in smoking cars, and have sold goods in the country districts. I have spent some time in many of the small towns in the

Northwest, and I like to think that I understand the American people better than a man who has not traveled among them and had business in the same manner as I had. I am sure that the average American means to be fair, and is comparatively free from envy. Where a man has made a relatively large amount of money in many of the Western cities, his fellow-citizens are proud of him and appreciate his good fortune. Where a man is democratic, works hard, has the capacity to conduct large enterprises successfully, and makes a very large fortune by reason of his energy and marked commercial ability, there is little jealousy on the part of the average citizen. It is the overnight fortunes made in Wall Street, disreputable methods, monkey dinners, and society snobbishness that arouse animosity. Most Americans are good sports, and are quite likely to understand that they have only one ticket in the lottery of life. If they do not win they are resigned.

For several years Great Britain and some of our older Eastern states have been fortunate in having families of ability, wealth and distinction, who have recognized their obligations to their community and to their country, and have

served them ably and faithfully. Such a family are the Mellons of Pittsburgh. Always builders, never wreckers or manipulators; always courteous, liberal, democratic, and having marked ability.

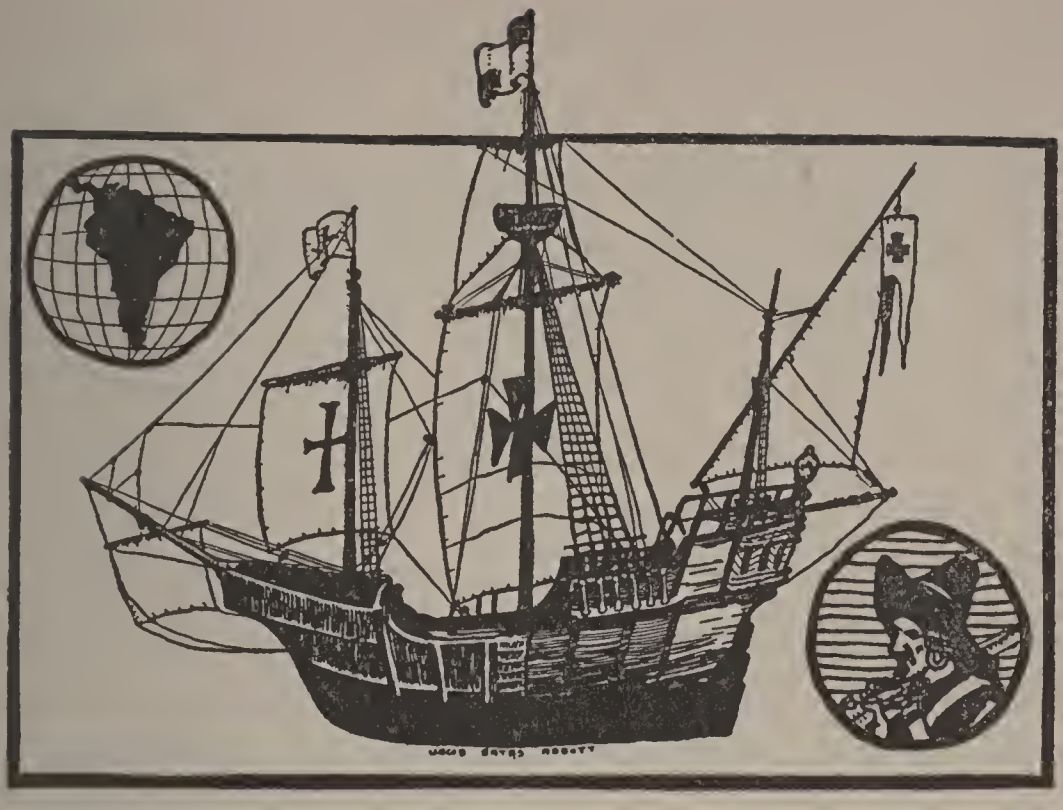
The advice, and usually the assistance, of the Mellons is asked for in all important public or private developments in Pittsburgh, in assisting which they give not only money but their time and most able attention.

One of the most attractive and interesting men I have met recently is Melville Stone, Manager for twenty-five years of the Associated Press. Mr. Stone is a man of strong personality, with very decided likes and dislikes. He has a fund of most interesting reminiscences, as is indicated in his autobiography, but what has surprised and pleased me greatly is to find that in his declining years Mr. Stone has retained so much sentiment and a sympathetic and optimistic outlook upon life.

During the World War my son, who had recently been promoted to be an ensign in the Navy, was dressed in his new uniform and was dining with me at the Lotus Club, when I introduced him to Mr. Stone, who was very cordial.

As we arose to go to the elevator the young man, quite properly, made way for Mr. Stone to precede him; whereupon Mr. Stone, with his characteristic courtesy, in a very natural and sincere tone, said, "Go ahead, young man, I never take precedence of any Officer of the United States, Army or Navy." The consideration shown was unusual, and would naturally tend to make a junior officer more proud of his position.

A man occupying a prominent position told me recently that he worked for Melville Stone thirty-five years ago, and immediately he corrected himself by saying, "No, that is not correct; no man ever worked for Melville Stone—they worked with him."



XVII

The Spanish Americans

IN 1916 I made a cruise around South America in the old *Kroonland*. I think that my impressions of our Southern neighbors were more favorable than those of most voyagers.

South America is a vast continent, containing many races and nations; and it is as correct and definite to speak of South Americans as a whole as it would be to consider Costa Ricans, Guatemalans, Mexicans, Canadians, and citizens of the United States as North Americans.

For the first time I heard in Callao of a book, "To Hell and Back," written by a sensational minister in Minneapolis, Rev. Golightly Morrill. Our reverend friend did not "go lightly" in his criticism of our southern neighbors. He found little but ignorance, idolatry and illegitimacy from Cartagena to Cape Horn. His book was quite well known in Chili and the Argentine, but almost unheard of in our own country. It is the kind of a book that a bigoted Brazilian might have written after a hurried tour in the United States, in which he featured strongly, and specially, the existence of the "gang" in New York, the crimes of violence, our robberies and wholesale stock swindles, the ignorance of the Russian Jews and the Southern Italians, the murders in Chicago, the lynchings in the South, and the awful savagery and brutality at Herrin.

It is easy to offend the pride of a sensitive people; it is difficult to eradicate the resentments that unfair and hostile criticism provokes. What Dickens and Mrs. Trollope said about us in our young days was mild compared with Morrill's strictures on the South Americans, and yet the English criticism rankled in us for nearly a century. A distinguished Argentine remarked

to me that if one of our prominent men would write as sympathetic and appreciative a book about South America as Lord Bryce wrote on the United States it would do more to cement pleasant relations between the two continents than all the treaties and conventions combined.

If we are to extend our commercial and social relations with our southern neighbors I am sure that we ought to comprehend their point of view better than most of us do. I was fortunate in meeting several educated and prominent men in Chili and the Argentine, well informed and independent, who, when they found that I was not likely to be offended at the truth, and wished for their honest opinions, gave me much more reliable information than I had received in listening to Chamber of Commerce addresses in the United States, to diplomatic utterances—even more than American bankers receive from eager and prospective borrowers.

I am satisfied that the South Americans, using the term broadly, do not like us, and why should they? The English have loaned large sums to most of the Southern Nations; they have built docks, railroads and warehouses; have organized banks, steamship companies and large com-

mercial companies, and aided greatly in developing the newer countries. Now an Englishman is as conceitedly confident of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race as we are, but centuries of trading all over the world have taught him the wisdom of concealing his real opinion of foreigners. Consequently his criticisms are usually made in private; whereas our youthful American is apt to speak loudly, freely and at all times, giving his opinion quite frankly about the faults and shortcomings of all foreigners, even when they are present and listening. Old Saladin was sagacious when he said, "A fool points to a spot on the carpet: a wise man covers it with the hem of his garment."

The Germans usually speak Spanish well, and they go to Chili, and other Latin-American countries, with their usual thoroughness and preparedness. They are likely to marry there, and grow up with the country. They invest German capital, and do all that they can to establish most cordial relations with their neighbors and to become "simpatico." They are energetic, hard working, and desire to please.

The French, I think, are the most popular people in the Argentine. All Argentines who

can afford it go to Paris as frequently as possible. They speak French fluently, they educate their young men as artists, architects, surgeons and scientists in Paris, and draw their art, drama, music and literature from the same source. Naturally their women buy their gowns and millinery there. Our consul general in Paris told me in 1912 that the shopkeepers there said that the South Americans spent more money in Paris than the North Americans.

Fifty years ago, before the passage of some of our extradition treaties, many of our best known representatives in Buenos Aires left our country for their country's good. Later, when an American went to any part of South America, he considered himself an exile. He wanted to make all the money he could, as soon as he could. He had no intention of identifying himself with the customs and life of the foreign people he was among, but always retained a secret contempt for them, and longed for home. We are fortunate in having so many good opportunities in our own favored land that our capable young men have little incentive to seek their fortunes abroad, as the English and Germans have.

When our agents attempt to sell our goods in the Southern continent they are prone to insist upon our methods and our terms. When in Rio de Janeiro, I was waiting in a little sheltered alcove while the head of a Brazilian firm received an American representative of a large company. This American "salesman" displayed a handsome album, indicating a large and imposing factory exterior and interior, stated the quantity of floor space occupied, the total sales, and other information that he thought likely to impress his prospective customer. After a brief pause, when he got out of breath, he went on to say that his company sold only for cash, and "did not propose to grant the long terms that his foolish English and German competitors did —this was very bad business, entirely unlike the superior method of the American." He could not speak a word of Spanish or Portuguese, and not very good English. Finally the Brazilian dismissed his caller, saying, like an organ grinder, "Me no spike English; vera good, my secretary will write."

We went out to a neighboring café, which is the proper thing in the forenoon, and had a cup of coffee. My host said, "That man made me

sleepy," but made no attempt to explain how he had forgotten the fluent English that he spoke the previous afternoon when we had been out automobile riding together.

As a good American I recognize the inferiority of the Latin civilization, and the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, but for what seem to me to be good reasons, I believe we are unduly harsh in our judgment of the Spaniards and Spanish Americans. We have not only our own prejudices, but have inherited the prejudices of our English ancestors, from whom we have derived most of our history and literature; and for centuries the Spaniards were the bitter racial, religious and commercial rivals of the English. I flattered myself that I knew all about the Spaniards before I was fifteen years old. Had I not read DeFoe, Kingsley, and various balladists and historians? Did not Robinson Crusoe frequently go out before breakfast and pot a few brace of Spaniards? Sometimes they were shot, sometimes they begged, but the result was always the same. Did not Amyas Leigh swing his trusty blade and annihilate all the great Dons in short order, except those who sued for his gracious mercy? Were not all Spaniards

arbitrary, haughty, bigoted, cruel and cowardly? And so on. In short, I knew them as most American boys did.

In 1885 I spent several weeks in Southern Spain. By that visit many of my earlier impressions were modified greatly. I found the Andalusians the most democratic people I had ever seen—courteous, happy, light-hearted. My subsequent experiences in Spain and with Spanish Americans confirmed my modified opinions.

The typical Spanish-American merchant is strongly individualistic, hard-working, and honest. If he were not honest, the English and German companies could not afford to give him the long credits that they customarily give.

The relations between buyers and sellers are different in the Argentine or Chili from those prevalent in the United States. Their relations are more personal, more in the nature of partnerships, more enduring, and there is an assumption of mutual advantage and permanent business connection. If an obligation is not met promptly at maturity, little apology is made —or expected—for asking a reasonable extension, which is almost invariably granted in a courteous manner. If a customer happens to

have surplus funds at certain seasons, he not infrequently asks the company that sells to him if it can use this money to advantage.

XVIII

Chili, Buenos Aires and Brazil

THE Chilians have not felt as cordial and friendly toward the United States for at least a century as they have toward several of the European nations. I am not sure as to the origin of what I might term a mild hostility toward the Americans, but it is recorded in history that in the war of 1812, when the English ship *Phœbe* engaged and captured our sloop of war *Essex* within the sight of Valparaiso, the sympathies of the Chilians were decidedly with the English. Several valiant Irishmen assisted materially in aiding Chili in her war for independence. When James G. Blaine was Secretary of State he sustained Minister Egan in his rather domineering position toward Chili, and we forced Chili to pay an indemnity which the Chilians have always regarded as unjust.

The Germans have important settlements in southern Chili. The German military system was adopted by the Chilian Army, and German financial interests were quite influential. Some of our admirals and ministers have offended the Chilians by their arrogant conduct, and the exports from Chili to the United States are comparatively unimportant. The people of Chili are proud and sensitive, and resent the actions and criticisms of many Americans, I think, to a greater extent than the people of any of the other South American countries.

Santiago is a very attractive city, and has one of the most beautiful and well-kept cemeteries in the world. Climatic conditions favor the upkeep of flowers, trees and shrubs, and prevent the decay of many of the fine statues and figures found in the cemetery.

The Chilian ladies claim, and I think with a considerable degree of justice, to be the finest housekeepers in the world, as the old-fashioned virtue of good housekeeping is rapidly becoming obsolete in the United States. I was most hospitably entertained at a fine Chilian residence at Santiago, almost under the shadow of the Andes, and we had a most delicious and delight-

ful afternoon tea. The hostess said, with pardonable pride, that all the cakes, preserves and confections were of her own making. We went upstairs to get a better view of the mountains, and the entire house was in perfect order, vacuum carafes in the bedrooms, a victrola in the library, and all the modern comforts that we had at home. The neatness, comfort and artistic arrangement were the more impressive because our visit was unexpected.

The railroad trip from the Andes and across the Pampas to Buenos Aires is comfortable and interesting. When on the sleeping cars I heard, every morning, cackling hens and crowing roosters, even when we did not seem to be near any station. On looking over our car more carefully I found that when broiled chicken was served, the chef went to the hen-coops on the bottom of the cars, where the chickens were fed and kept alive until they were wanted. The land seen from the cars for a hundred miles on both sides of the railroad reminded me of the rich, dark, fine agricultural soil found in the Red River Valley and on our best prairie lands in the Northwest.

The Argentine is undoubtedly a very rich

country, and, so far as I can judge, its future development will have less religious influence than the development of any other important nation in the world.

Most of the women seem to attend church quite regularly, but a large majority of the men who attend seem to do so in a perfunctory way. From the early days the Argentines have resented any religious interference, and the churches seem to have little real influence. The Argentine people, however, impressed me as being sympathetic and charitable. I went over some fine hospitals in Buenos Aires, and charitable institutions were everywhere in evidence.

The well-known newspaper office of *La Prensa* is one of the finest in the world. The Grand Opera House is better than any I am familiar with in this country, and I have never been in a more elaborate or better managed club than the Jockey Club of Buenos Aires, which enjoys quite a large revenue from the race-course privileges. I understood that any member of the club who is traveling, and sees anything new and attractive that he thinks would be suitable for the club, has *carte blanche* to purchase it *for the club*. The club has a

wonderfully fine collection of paintings, particularly those of the modern Spanish artists.

The Argentines are very temperate, and while you can buy a fair red wine at almost any street corner for ten or twelve cents a bottle, I never saw a drunken native. Frank G. Carpenter, in his letters, corroborates this statement. The only reason for a Volstead Act in the Argentine would be to restrict the weakness of visitors.

I was fortunate in having some letters of introduction that made my stay in Buenos Aires very pleasant. I was still more fortunate in having my friend, Mr. Edmund J. Phelps, of Minneapolis, as a traveling companion. As we became better acquainted, several of our Argentine friends felt free to make some mild criticisms of our great country, which a borrowing Argentine banker, visiting New York and seeking a loan, would not make openly.

Mr. Phelps spoke French fluently, and Spanish fairly well. This appealed to the educated Argentines, who usually speak at least three languages fluently. Mr. Phelps was also an excellent judge of paintings, and was prominently connected with the Minneapolis Orchestra Association. While it was out of season

the Director of the Municipal Band gave an open-air park concert in honor of Mr. Phelps, who spent the preceding afternoon in selecting a program, and criticized competently several productions. Mr. Phelps had also been President of the Park Board of Minneapolis, and a fine foreign car was placed at his disposal by the Park Commissioner at Buenos Aires, which city has a very excellent system of parks. So far as I know, Buenos Aires is the only city in the world that systematically educates students for park superintendents. These young men study for four hours each day, and work on the parks for four hours. At the end of two years they are given their diplomas, and many of these Argentines have gone abroad and got excellent positions in parks in other cities.

A very well-known and prominent Argentine asked me why we did not send more Americans like Mr. Phelps to visit them. His courtesy and his artistic and linguistic attainments were cordially appreciated by the Argentines.

Buenos Aires is a seaport city of over two million people, yet, according to actual police records, crimes of violence there are not one-fourth what they are in Chicago.

An ex-under-Secretary of State said, speaking of the Monroe Doctrine, "You know, Captain, some people like to select their own older brothers," and he was rather sarcastic when he referred to the claim which we of the United States often make that the Monroe Doctrine is for the benefit of the weaker South American nations. He said there was no case on record, so far as he knew, where any South Americans had ever invoked the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. He stated further that in his opinion the Argentine Republic would much prefer to have a guarantee of protection against the United States than against any of the European nations.

In my opinion we are not going to make any real commercial progress, on an even basis, in South America until we eradicate many of our prejudices, cultivate courtesy, and learn a better appreciation of the Latin point of view. The truth is that a large majority of North Americans regard the South Americans as an inferior race, and have a concealed contempt for the "Dagoes," as they are commonly termed. The South Americans naturally resent this attitude, and when they are sufficiently independent to

do so are inclined to taunt the North Americans as being money-worshippers. Although conceding the wealth and luxury of the United States, they do not think we have accomplished much in the realms of art, music, or literature.

We can, and should, make an effort to realize that the Latin races are artistic, logical, keen, and sensitive, and we must become more liberal in our attitude if we are going to endeavor to cultivate cordial and friendly relations with them.

I think we are more popular in Brazil than in any other South American country. That, probably, is because we buy a much larger percentage of Brazilian exports than any other country, and because it is quite a common belief in Brazil that our people are at least partly colored. Then, the fact that President Cleveland decided an arbitration in favor of Brazil against the Argentine has doubtless had some influence.

There is very little color prejudice in Brazil. It is quite common to see a large full-blooded negro walking on the street arm in arm with a smaller Caucasian, and apparently getting along in the most fraternal way.

The vast resources of Brazil are practically

untouched, offering a wonderful opportunity for the expansion of grazing and agricultural developments.

The zoölogical gardens and aquarium at Para are among the most interesting in the world. The specimens come almost entirely from the Amazonian Provinces, in which Para is located. The superintendent of the zoölogical gardens is a German woman, and she is most capable, having a wonderful influence over the animals. The monkeys would cry for her as she passed down the walk, and would moan and shriek until she went back and petted them. Even the snakes seemed to like her caresses.

The Germans have a very efficient and economical banking system in most large cities in South America. On two or three occasions I consulted with the officers of some German banks, and was greatly impressed by the wonderful fund of information they had regarding different firms and individuals.

So far as I recall I did not notice any prominent Hebrews in South America. Buenos Aires is a very important banking city, and yet so far as I could learn there were no prominent Hebrew bankers there. I have not seen this fact

commented upon by other travelers, and I am not quite clear as to why the Hebrews should be less prominent there than in other parts of the world. I asked one of my Spanish friends in Havana why this was, and he said: "We Spanish work so much harder and more economically than the Hebrews that there is no chance for them to get rich among us.' Perhaps it was on the same principle as this that the only Jew reported in Glasgow was one who could not get money enough with which to get out of town.

XIX

Why We Cannot Have a Mercantile Marine as We Had Fifty Years Ago

ANY Americans have a commendable patriotic pride in our futile endeavor to build up a mercantile marine, but their enthusiasm is much greater than their knowledge of the practical difficulties. Our orators delight to refer to Old Glory in tremulous tones, to insist vigorously and vocipotently that we must have the largest fleet on the ocean, that our flag must fly in every harbor—ignoring entirely the question of cost and natural conditions. The poor taxpayers foot the bills, and, indirectly, that means that all of us contribute.

It is a common error to assume that "commerce follows the flag." The relative increase in our foreign commerce was greater for a few years before the war than it has been since.

Prior to 1914, Russia was a great exporting nation—her shipping interest was comparatively insignificant. Argentina has large and increasing exports, all carried in foreign bottoms. Italy's merchant fleet is much larger relatively than her exports. We find American automobiles in all parts of the civilized world. Ninety per cent of these were delivered by foreign vessels. Would a Japanese automobile buyer think it a privilege to have his automobile carried by American ships? All things being equal the foreign buyers naturally prefer to transport any merchandise that they buy in vessels of their own country. The most ardent advocates of an American mercantile marine have never claimed that we could operate vessels more economically than foreigners can. On an equal basis an English buyer will ship in English vessels his purchases made in the United States. We have cut, and in the future shall be obliged to cut again, freight and passenger rates. Our Government must make up the deficit in our marine operations. Other nations must meet our absorption of deficit, or have their ships driven from the seas.

It is difficult for any one to determine exactly

what our attempt to rehabilitate our mercantile marine has cost us, and it is very difficult to separate the legitimate expenses incurred during the war, when money was not an object, from the subsequent losses. Our gross expenditures were nearer two billion dollars than one billion, and we have lost many millions of dollars. Our annual loss this year, including depreciation, will be from $35,000,000 to $70,000,000, depending to quite an extent upon how depreciation is figured, when taken, and the number of vessels sold.

During the war, when it was proposed that the Government should take over and operate some of the large steel companies, the officers and stockholders of these companies remonstrated vigorously, and spent thousands of dollars in circulating printed statements—from which it was a fair inference that the operation of these companies was profitable to the stockholders. It is very seldom that any profitable private enterprise is recommended to the Government. If it were true that an American mercantile marine would yield good return to the investor, there are many capitalists who could readily raise millions of dollars to buy and oper-

ate ships under our flag; but it is better to "let the Government do it."

Thousands of patriotic Americans would be glad to invest in shipping companies if this investment were recommended by prominent bankers and those competent to manage, who would further evince their good faith by liberal subscriptions to the stock.

Any general restoration of our mercantile marine on a paying basis is impossible, for the following reasons: American vessels cost more to build than do foreign vessels; wages of American officers and sailors are higher than those paid by their competitors; American investors would expect a larger return on capital invested in shipping than the foreign companies are able to make, and the standard of living on American vessels is higher, and hence more expensive.

The oceans are naturally free, and heretofore the great maritime nations have attained importance, not through the aid of Government assistance, but because their sailors in years gone by were more hardy, more brave, or more adventurous than their competitors. At present supremacy is attained when vessels of any nation can be operated more ably and econom-

ically than those of their competitors, and hence serve the world more advantageously as common carriers.

The United States is handicapped more than any other nation in attempting to reëstablish a mercantile marine by the aid of assistance from the Government. Because of the superior opportunities offered its citizens on shore, there is today no incentive for capable, ambitious young Americans to go to sea, and few who are competently advised take the chance.

It has been suggested frequently that we attempt to compete for the carrying trade of the Pacific. The Japanese sailors are content to work for much less than our so-called American sailors are. The Japanese sailor is paid as well, proportionately, as the Japanese a-shore. On the other hand, few native-born Americans can be found among our Pacific sailors, because they find better opportunities on land. Are we ready to pay each American sailor on the Pacific a monthly bonus in a vain endeavor to resurrect our mercantile marine?

It may be a wise business policy for the Japanese to encourage the establishment of steamship companies, and to aid them by compara-

tively small subsidies, since it is evident that Japan is in a position to compete successfully for the carrying trade of the world with temporary assistance. We are not. The Japanese have no handicap in wages, no additional cost of ships, and no extra cost of operations, as we should have.

Our subsidy advocates are prone to refer to our former maritime supremacy, but during that period of supremacy America had the following distinct advantages: first, the cheapest and best lumber and spars in the world; second, the ablest and best ship-designers, builders, carpenters, sailmakers and riggers; third, an overseas carrying trade, which was usually profitable and yielded a large return on the capital invested. Fifty years ago it was not at all uncommon for an American clipper ship to pay for herself in one voyage. Today, with the exception of iron considered as raw material, which is not relatively as important in the cost of a modern ship as wood was fifty years ago, we have no advantage over the foreigner. Besides this, there is—perhaps the most important factor of all—the fact that the Suez and Panama Canals, the submarine cables, and the systematizing of freight-

ing by modern methods have reduced the overseas carrying trade to a well-established and well-regulated business, which is keenly competed for, and which yields only what would be regarded in this country as a very small return on the capital invested.

It would be impossible to interest any successful and well-informed capitalist in an American steamship line for the transatlantic trade, because an American company could not pay a fair return on the capital invested.

Other qualities were demanded from sailors fifty years ago than those which are required today. The opportunity for exhibition of superiority to any appreciable degree is gone, because the qualities necessary now rest in mechanism and not in personnel. Captains cannot "carry on steam," as they carried on sail. The speed of a modern steamship is largely beyond the control of the captain and crew; it is dependent upon mechanical appliances. Activity, adaptability, and all-around skill are not needed by seamen as they were in the days of the supremacy of the American sailing ship.

The Americans were not only more capable but they did more and better work, and the

foreigners who sailed in American ships easily became Americanized in this respect. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "The Wrecker," has very cleverly sketched Nares, the typical Yankee sailor; yet Nares would die of ennui on board a modern freighter. The glories of the American sailor are in the past and can never be revived.

A story of a forgotten American clipper may be of interest. The little chronicled and almost forgotten achievement of the clipper ship *Tradewind,* in sailing from San Francisco to New York, in 1853, in seventy-five days, was a remarkable feat of American seamanship.

Think of the ceaseless vigilance for seventy-five days of the forgotten captain of the *Tradewind.* It is substantially true that not a mile of distance was lost during this famous passage. Few in this generation are capable of appreciating the alertness, the watchfulness, and the seamanship required to make this passage by sail. By day or by night, if the leech of a topgallant sail was a few inches slack, up went the halyards. If the foot of the sail did not set like a board, out went the sheets. The braces were watched and tended with every varying wind. It be-

hooved the helmsman to steer straight, or take the consequences. Every yard of canvas that she could carry was pressed on the ship, and if forced to take in sail the moderating wind was anticipated, and sails were again set at the first opportunity offered. A sailor alone can fully understand how sail was carried on in squalls and gales. Some one knew and trusted each spar, backstay, lanyard and sheet, halyard and brace. Constant and capable care and supervision were the price of speed. How the *Tradewind* hugged the dark and dismal rocks of Diego Ramires, as she went around the Horn in a southerly gale, may never be known. The chances the captain took, as the wind veered to the eastward in skirting the barren shores of the extreme of the South American continent, will never be recorded. It is fair to assume that he pressed his ship and trusted to his spars and canvas. Not twenty per cent of the steamers afloat today could make this passage around Cape Horn in seventy-five days.

But there is now no use for the sailors of the old school; nor is there anything in the present sea life to attract the same class of men. It should be remembered that the seafarers were

well paid in proportion to other vocations at that period. The wealthy and prominent men in many of the old New England seaboard towns were merchants and master mariners, and a love of the sea did not debar a young man from making a financial success.

Today the competitive ocean trade offers no such allurements. Young Americans who have brains, dash, and ability can find much better opportunities to exercise these qualities upon land, and this is not true of citizens of other countries.

We can never achieve commercial importance as a maritime nation until we can build ships as cheaply, operate them at as low a cost, and be content with the same return on the capital invested as our foreign competitors receive. And this cannot come about while we have such prosperity and opportunities as at present exist in our fortunate country. Our home industries are supposed to be protected sufficiently to enable them to earn profits in our own country—never to such an extent as to place them in a position to compete in the open markets of the world. And that would be necessary with a subsidized mercantile marine.

It would be much cheaper than our present policy to transfer existing foreign steamships to some European nation and pay it a small bonus to sail under our flag, if we have an irresistible desire to see Old Glory again on the ocean. In political speeches, "Trade follows the flag"; but this is true in actual business experience only if we have cheaper and better commodities to sell.

The large amount of money that we pay foreigners for carrying our products is a matter of common comment; but the truth is not generally appreciated. These products really belong to the foreigners, and are practically sold f.o.b., point of shipment. If, for example, a merchant in Bremen buys ten thousand bales of cotton in Charleston, he will get his cotton to Bremen by what he regards as the cheapest and most acceptable route. If we concede that American vessels cannot carry freight across the Atlantic cheaper than their foreign competitors can, it is obvious that the Bremen buyer would prefer to ship his purchases by any vessel carrying the flag of his own country—unless we should grant a lower rate. It is beyond the province of any American seller to dictate in any way what

company the foreign buyer shall employ to transport his own property. Even on an equal basis, if the former buyer happens to be interested in German steamers, naturally it will be for his own interest to favor his own company. When an Englishman buys grain on the Atlantic seaboard it is surely his privilege to have it transported in his own vessels. The foreign buyer is under no obligation whatever to ship his merchandise in American vessels.

Every State that is washed by lake or ocean ought to give liberal support to marine reserve vessels, which should be further assisted and supervised by the United States Government. There are thousands of active, well-educated, adventurous young Americans who have a natural love for the sea, and who would be glad to enlist in the naval marine if their services were properly recognized, and if they were as honorably regarded as they deserve.

We have still remaining some fine sailors in command of our coastwise and foreign steamships, who are as competent and eligible for the Naval Reserve as the members of the Royal Naval Reserve of England. We should encourage our young men to enlist in our navy, and we

should pay sufficient wages to compensate them for the services rendered.

We should not attempt to delude the American people into the idea that they are really reviving American shipping. I am not attempting to urge the advantages or disadvantages of subsidizing a few steamers for naval purposes, but I wish to state, in the most positive manner, that we cannot rehabilitate by Government assistance an American mercantile marine worthy of the name.

There are many factors that militate against the profitable operations of an American mercantile marine. The carrying of passengers from many ports of Europe to South America and Australia is very remunerative. Thousands of laborers leave Europe each year for the Argentine. Many of them return regularly after the harvest season. They naturally patronize European in preference to American steamers. Latin South-Americans almost without exception prefer to travel on foreign steamers—particularly the wealthy classes, who seek Paris as a Mecca for artistic, educational, or pleasure purposes. Our people do not emigrate—they have no temptation to leave their great and pros-

perous country. This fact tends to reduce materially our revenue from steamers.

Our Eighteenth Amendment is not attractive to South Americans, who, like their ancestors for many centuries, have been accustomed to using light wines with their meals. The horrible depravity of having a glass of wine with dinner is well recognized by the virtuous Americans, but many of the foreigners are unregenerate. Comparatively few business men in South America have any business in the United States—many have in Europe.

Chili and Argentina sell large quantities of copper, nitrates, wheat, mutton, wool, hides, and flax to Great Britain and the Continent. This large quantity of heavy freight would, naturally, be carried in foreign bottoms. The English, German, French, and Italians would not be likely to patronize American steamers in preference to the vessels of their own country. It is usual to buy where you sell. A merchant in Buenos Aires, selling his produce in London, is likely to go there to see his customers. It is easy and reciprocal for him to buy whatever he needs in England—incidentally increasing the freight carried by English vessels. Our im-

ports from important buying countries are relatively small, and foreigners are not likely to buy much where they can sell so little. Fortunately we are so favorably situated that we are not compelled to import our wheat, meat, food products, nor much of our raw materials.

Our present tariff is framed on the theory that duties are levied to equalize the cost of an article produced in the United States with the cost of the same article produced in Europe. Now assuming that our duties are equitably levied, please read one of our complete tariff-schedules and see how few articles we can hope to export profitably. It can hardly be expected that the generous foreign buyer will pay for an American article five to one hundred per cent more than the price for which he can purchase the same article in Europe—and sell some of his own products practically as part of the trade. Here again the natural business conditions favor the foreign steamers by increasing the quantity of the freight carried.

We should be grateful that our country is so independent of exports and imports. In order to reduce the cost of goods for exports we must reduce wages and decrease the standard

of living of our American workmen. Surely it is not desirable to increase export tonnage merely to pay for an unprofitable adventure in shipping.

We are greatly interested in the rehabilitation of Europe. We are sympathetic and our material assistance is frequently asked for and advocated; but our efforts to build up a mercantile marine at an annual sacrifice of many millions of dollars have injured the foreign steamship companies, and in some cases our competition has made their shipping operations unprofitable. Our futile efforts to compete for the open carrying trade of the world, in view of our great material resources, remind me of the covetous rich man in the Scriptures who wanted the poor man's one ewe lamb.

The Germans are popular in South America. Their economy and efficiency are generally recognized. When Germany has been restored to normality, it is evident that her people will build and operate steamships, and make a handsome profit, while we are showing serious losses.

My observations and illustrations shall not be all theoretical. I am the president of a com-

pany owning a factory in Belgium. We were shipping plate glass by foreign steamers in November, 1923, from Antwerp to San Francisco, for eight dollars per ton. The present rate from Baltimore to San Francisco, by American steamers, is nineteen dollars per ton, after we have shipped from our Eastern factory to Baltimore by rail. Is this a practical manifestation of our competitive ability?

Shortly after the World War the largest window-glass importer on our Pacific Coast, influenced by the enthusiasm rife at that time, with commendable patriotism ordered that all the window-glass his company bought in Belgium should be shipped in American bottoms. After several shipments he was compelled to countermand these instructions, and all glass was shipped by foreign vessels. This was not due so much to lower freight rates as to the excessive breakage on glass. The crews of the Danish steamers were much more careful in loading and unloading, and, when the glass was discharged, it was found that there was a minimum breakage. The Danes valued their job. The Danish sailor was obliged by force of necessity to be careful, or his record suffered—possibly he was

discharged, and he was well paid compared with the same class of employees in Denmark. Necessity is a great stimulator. The Danish sailor feels its urge; the American sailor does not. American sailors can usually find a job, due to a legitimate demand for their services, or the influence of the Seamen's Union. If they cannot, and are able-bodied and ready to work, they can readily find on shore as remunerative a position as that of a sailor on an American vessel. Our sailors care little if half a cargo of glass is broken. It means nothing to them; and if the Government deficit is increased a few thousand dollars why should they worry! The Danish sailor realizes what a loss of profit means to his owners, and may mean to him. One reason why our so-called American seamen cannot compete with many foreign seamen is because they do not have to.

Now I am not unpatriotic, not pessimistic, not hopeless. I consider our mercantile marine from the point of view of a practical business man, who has traveled much, and had command of an American vessel in foreign waters for several years, and as one who has always been interested in our maritime affairs; and I have

clear and decided views on this subject, which I present for what they may be worth.

Our Navy Department should be consulted, and we should own and operate whatever amount of tonnage it advises would be required to serve as a necessary adjunct to the navy in any emergency that could reasonably be contemplated, having in mind the sentiment and treaties that tend to limit the size of navies, and remembering that only once in one hundred and fifty years have we found it necessary to interfere in European affairs to the extent of sending our troops to Europe.

We need a strong, modern navy for our own protection, and every American has good reason to feel proud of the naval history of our country. I would not be averse to a more intimate relationship between our navy and our mercantile marine. One of the most successful steamship managers that I know of is an ex-naval officer and an Annapolis graduate. We have lost the services of many competent officers who were in our navy during the late war, who should have been recognized and rewarded by good positions in our merchant steamers.

After providing for all steamers that are es-

sential to our naval operations, I would employ them, and some of our remaining vessels, on a few of the great traveled routes between the United States and the more important foreign countries, where we are best able to compete and most likely to develop future trade. If the four fine steamers that we now have on the North Atlantic become popular and self-supporting, it would seem to be advisable to increase the number of steamers on that route. It would be futile to attempt to operate regularly steamers to Spain, Italy, and Mediterranean ports. We should give up routes that have been proved very unprofitable. It may be desirable to operate a few steamers for what I might term advertising purposes.

I wish to emphasize that while I consider it desirable—nay, essential—to have a fine limited mercantile navy, gradually increased on lines that may prove profitable, it is foolish and futile to believe that we can compete successfully in the open carrying trade of the world. We have been carried away by sentiment, oratory, and desire, and have built many more vessels than were needed and wasted many millions of dollars. Let us recognize the situation.

Any large important business that is successful has grown gradually, aided by experience and competent management. Business does not spring, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, full-armed and equipped. The shipping business has been closely competitive, and the foreign shipowners have great advantages over American lines by reason of their competency, their experience, and their established connections and clientele of many years' standing. Can we not ultimately compete? Try it, and report progress when made; but do not rush in without capable, experienced men, and some knowledge of competitive conditions; and do not build two ships where only one is needed. Could the United States compete with the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Company, or any other well-managed corporation by making an initial expenditure of two or three billion dollars and attempting to operate as our Shipping Board has been operated? The successful foreign steamship companies have keener competition than the Standard Oil Company has. Their development has been gradual, and their profits the result of hard work, energy, economy, efficiency, and enterprise—aided by the

alertness that can be had only by the severe strain of close competition.

Such vessels as we do not need, and those which show us the greatest losses in operation, should be sold for what they are worth, or chartered to some Chinese steamship company on easy terms. Until final payment has been made the contracts for sale could provide that in time of war these vessels should be restored to us on short notice, by the payment of a small premium if we so desired.

Under our present consular regulations these vessels would be permitted to fly our flag and to retain our protection.[1] We could even insist on having American officers and engineers on these vessels until they were paid for, as was the case in many of the vessels of the Chinese Merchant Steamship Company fifty years ago.

In years gone by we had many native craft on the coast of China under the Stars and Stripes. The Chinese are good sailors—quiet, and amenable to discipline. These vessels could be operated as economically as any in the world, and far more cheaply than any European steam-

[1] See Section 347 of the United States Consular Regulations, 1896.

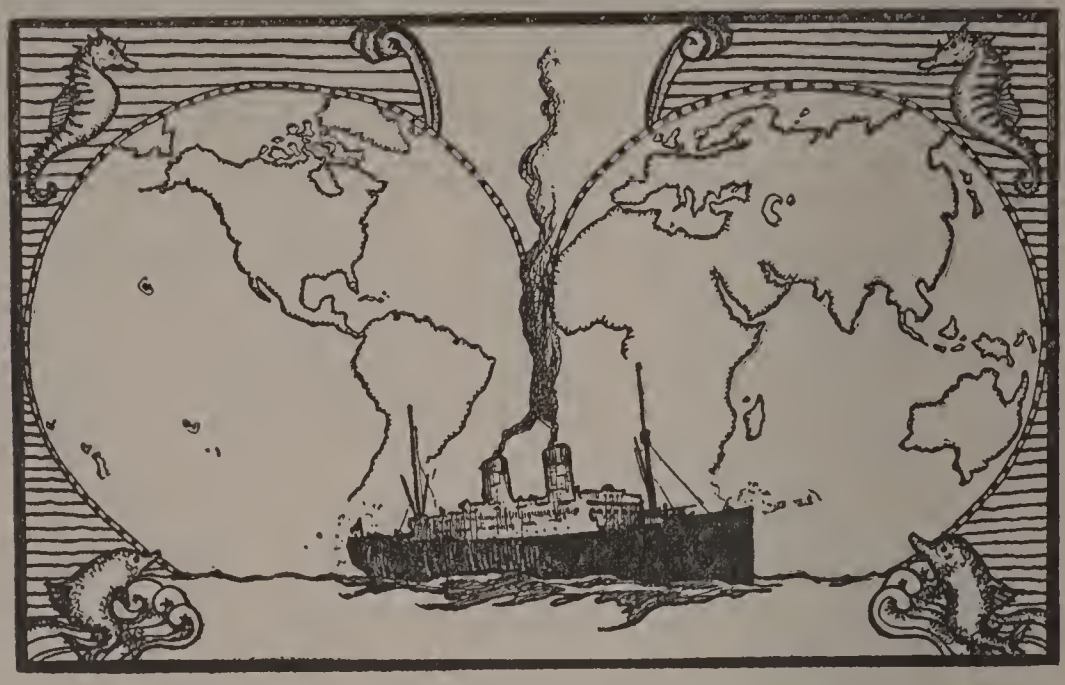
ers. A Chinese-American Company, organized to operate our salable surplus stock of steamers, would pay good dividends. They could meet any competition, and be a safe, sound investment. To be sure they could not trade to an American port, unless we enacted special legislation, which would probably be opposed by the labor unions, but the seven seas would offer the field for their operations, and they should secure a large share of the business on the coast of China and in the Far East. Indeed we could advantageously open our own ports to these steamers for the life of the vessels we sell. I do not refer to the coast trade, which we have always protected, and I think wisely, as there are many advantages in this policy; but there is no good object in protecting our shipping to such an extent as to enable our vessels to carry rice from India to Cuba, or grain from Argentina to Liverpool.

The Chinese merchants are capable business men. Give them our flag for these steamers, and assist them in part with our capital, which would be a good investment. In addition it would be desirable, and I think feasible, to organize a Chinese-American Company that

would save the United States from further losses. Thus we should assist a friendly nation, and have these vessels for a reserve supply of shipping for several years.

My suggestion to sell to the Chinese is because they are the most likely buyers; their mercantile marine is small; China has quite a large commerce, and the Chinese have decided advantages in operating. I believe that we could have sold many ships to a Chinese or an American-Chinese Company three years ago and saved many millions of dollars.

As to any possible prejudice against the Chinese, I believe that we could make a satisfactory contract along the line that I have suggested with any of the Scandinavian nations, and possibly with the Italians.



XX

Again Around the World

IN November, 1922, I made a cruise around the world on the Cunard steamship *Laconia*, and wrote a series of circular letters to my friends, from which I quote in part as follows:

November 30, 1922.

In these days of newspapers, magazines and travel, one can hardly expect much that is new to be written about a voyage through the Panama Canal, and since Hergesheimer, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and other authors of note have described Cuba and the Cubans quite fully, I shall waste no time on Havana, except to report

on the most excellent luncheon ordered for us at the Café Paris by Mr. Salichs. Our menu was as follows:

Ostiones rubanos
Tangreios moros al natural
Filetes de Pargo à la Mrs. Brown
Codornices asadas "Paris"
Papas Juliana
Petits pois à la francesa
Tortilla frutas al Ron à la Mrs. Hitchcock
Café

Cocktails Presidente
Jeres Manzanilla
Chartreuse
Tetros Larranagas

The above was intended only as a *recherché* repast. It is not necessary to state that a more substantial menu can be served excellently at this café.

There are few people who could anticipate a tour around the world with more pleasure than I can. My last voyage encircling the globe was made more than forty years ago, when I was in charge of a seven-hundred-ton barque. At that time the *Great Eastern* was the largest vessel afloat, and her size was regarded as too great to enable her to be employed advantageously in the carrying trade—her original use was for laying the Atlantic Cable. If I re-

member correctly she was only about twelve thousand tons. Our present steamer is nearly twice that size.

On my last voyage around the world I sailed from New York to Macassar, Celebes. The vessel was loaded with case oil, and from there we took ebony wood and rattans to Hongkong. At Hongkong we were chartered to carry three hundred Chinamen to Victoria, V. I. Most of these Chinamen after we arrived took a steamer furnished by their countrymen to Port Townsend. As my vessel arrived two days before the Chinese Emigration Act came into force, I think I carried the last lot of Chinese ever landed in the United States. We loaded lumber and canned salmon at Victoria for Port Natal, South Africa, and went around Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope with a deck load of lumber; from Port Natal we went in ballast to Singapore; thence to New York, which made the circuit of the globe, and a voyage of about twenty months. The speed of the *Agate* under favorable conditions was twelve knots per hour; the *Laconia* can make seventeen knots, but she can make it every day regularly, which is a great advantage. I could write quite a chapter on the development

of shipping during the last forty years; but the contrast between the *Agate* and the *Laconia* is very great. The *Laconia* is a new, fine vessel, with all modern conveniences, a staunch and steady sea boat. The Cunard service is, in my opinion, the best in the world, and I am quite enthusiastic about traveling on an oil-burning steamer.

During the past twenty years I have sailed under the flags of four different nations, and have been on three different English lines, so I have had some opportunity for comparison. If the service on the *Laconia* is a sample of the service on the larger boats, I do not see how Cunard service can be excelled. We receive the most constant and courteous attention, not only from the captain and the officers of the *Laconia,* but from all the employees; nor is it the kind of service which thanks you with a civil air and damns you with a sneer when your back is turned. Some one deserves a great deal of credit for the *esprit de corps* maintained on the *Laconia*.

The famous excellence and efficiency of the Cunard service is the result of nearly a century of experience, and careful and capable manage-

ment. Competent, experienced men conduct and control the affairs of the Cunard Company. When we require a head for our Shipping Board we select an advertising manager from Chicago. Chicago is a great maritime center, hence it is natural that we should go to the Western metropolis for a man experienced in shipping matters. But it also should be remembered that Chicago is an important political center, and we must educate these crude Westerners about the advantages of a heavily subsidized mercantile marine. These aforesaid Westerners may not know how to wield a handspike, but they are adepts at political trading. Watch the reciprocal bills that will be passed by Congress, providing for farm loans, banking favors, and other advantages for the West in return for subsidy support. It is just to say, however, that the advertising of our Shipping Board is well done, and is a great improvement over some two years ago, when three different divisions of the Board advertised in the same issue of a popular magazine.

Notwithstanding the proximity of home markets, and our natural advantages, the Minnesota farmers cannot raise wheat without protec-

tion; our sheep raisers would be ruined without an increased duty; California fruit growers must be protected against foreign competitors; we cannot manufacture cotton or woolen goods, cut lumber, manufacture chemicals, steel, glass, or sugar without a high tariff. Our shipbuilders are protected, for we cannot build ships in competition with other nations. Now I am quite ready to accede to the principle of protecting and developing American industries in our own country, but is not protection running amuck in its attempt to enable us to compete for the carrying trade of the world in the open markets, and in attempting to help us underbid the Japanese on the Pacific, the English, German, Swedish, Italian, Spanish and Greek ships on all the oceans? If a cargo of rice is to be shipped from Rangoon to Cuba, our American vessels must take the same or a lower rate than that made by our many foreign competitors. If with all of our advantages in the United States we cannot compete with the foreigners on shore, how can we afloat? We cannot. And whether you cancel our costly experiments in attempting to create a mercantile marine by subsidy, subvention, deficit, or special legislation, the fact re-

mains that the taxpayers of our country are paying many million dollars per annum in a foolish and useless attempt. But we are a rich nation. That is the answer—and who cares?

It is difficult to make a landsman understand my enthusiasm for the sea. To me a return to the ocean is like going back to an old home to make a visit, nor is it attended by the sadness that a man of my age feels on returning to the scene of his youth or his early manhood. The ocean is always the same, with its power, vitality and dignity. I see the same roll of waves that I saw forty years ago. The winds, tides, and currents follow the same courses today that they did a century ago. Smooth seas, blue skies, and brilliant nights are the same, and the changes in the stars are unimportant. When I see a school of flying fish go by I think it is the same school I saw when I first went to sea. Portuguese men-of-war must be the same, and I feel the same invigoration from the iodine and ozone, or whatever chemical compound it may be that I breathed in my earlier years. It is so refreshing to feel that you are breathing clean, pure, and invigorating air. Some of this air will be a little more exhilarating in cool weather, but

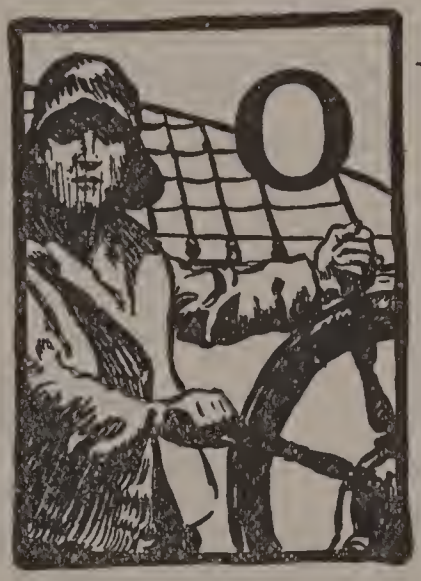
it is good anywhere. I enjoy every minute at sea. The infinite charm of the ocean appeals to me—I cannot understand any one's thinking it monotonous.

When I last went through the Panama Canal, I wrote with great enthusiasm about the credit due the American engineers for having built it, and who continue to be influential in the Canal Zone. I have met hundreds of people who are in a position to know, and no breath of scandal has ever been heard against the management of the Canal, of which every American has the right to be proud. The *Laconia* went through the Canal like clockwork, and I have some excellent photographs, taken from an aëroplane, which have been kindly given to me by Major Walsh, of the United States Army.

Our party are all old travelers, congenial, and interesting; and we can anticipate reasonably a most pleasant and satisfactory voyage. We are all having a most pleasant time, and looking forward eagerly to seeing the Orient in the near future.

XXI

Cruise Continued



December 13, 1922.

OUR commander, Capt. F. G. Brown, is a most interesting man, having served through the Great War from August 2, 1914.

He was in charge of the for'ard turret that fired the first guns at the Dardanelles. Shortly thereafter he was promoted to acting commander of the *Prince Edward,* and later was made full commander of the same vessel. He served all through the Gallipoli campaign, and from March, 1918, to the termination of the war, was Commodore of Convoys, successfully convoying one hundred and ninety-eight ships without a loss. He was commended by his admiral, and by the French Commander-in-Chief. He has given us many reminiscences, but, like most naval officers, is

exceedingly modest and inclined to be reticent.

I was gratified to learn that our captain's opinion of the Turks not only coincides with my own, but it is in accord with the opinion of every British Army and Naval Officer whom I have met, and who served against the Turks.

Captain Brown relates an interesting anecdote: The British were landing large bodies of troops, and the Turkish Commander sent a notice that he would shell the landing place but for the proximity of a hospital. He stated he would give the British forty-eight hours to remove the hospital, and stated further that, being familiar with the ground, he realized that it would be difficult to remove the hospital so far away as to take it entirely out of reach of the shell fire, but that the Turks would be careful to prevent, as far as possible, any of the shells reaching the hospital.

The Captain's story brings to mind a similar one told me by a British Colonel: During the early stages of the Gallipoli campaign, some of the Australian troops suffered greatly through lack of water. Their necessities were such that the troops would take chances during the night on going to a brook that was within easy reach

of the Turkish guns and fill their vessels with water. Their thirst was so great that they extended their operations towards daylight, and were seen by the Turks; whereupon one of the Turkish commanding officers came out and waved his hands and indicated that they could get all the water they wanted, without fear of molestation, until adequate supplies of water could be brought to the British Front.

If any of my readers are interested in this subject, I commend to their attention an article by Major General Townsend in the December number of *Asia*.

I have no desire to magnify the virtues of the Turks. In a race with cultured Bostonians, or the Women's Club of Main Street, they would be outclassed, but in a free-for-all with the Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians and Levantine Jews, the Turks would win in a canter.

The Turks now demand Courts of their own. While I have not read the Koran for many years, my recollection is that this authority is quite lenient about the payment of debts to an infidel. The Koran is, I understand, the basis for Turkish law, and if the French, through their lack of sportsmanship, lose some of the money

the Turks owe them, I shall not have any great regret.

In my opinion the time has gone by when one nation can expect to override the laws of religion and politics of another without its consent. Our late President was emphatic as to the rights of weaker nations to govern themselves, and I believe that the Turks have the same right to run their own country that we have to run ours.

It is to the credit of the Turks that for several centuries, when the Catholics were burning and torturing heretics, and Claverhouse was chasing the Covenanters on horseback with hounds, and the good Presbyterians murdered Archbishop Laud in a brutal manner, and Servetus was burned at the stake for his religious beliefs, that the Turks were the most tolerant nation that ruled over subject peoples, and the Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Copts were practically treated as well by the Turks as their own people were. Anyway, the Turks as individuals have always been brave and honest, and these are commendable virtues.

From an old chart I brought with me I notice that today we crossed where I did forty years

ago last September, bound from Victoria around Cape Horn. Much water has passed through the mill during the intervening period, and I am certainly making this voyage under different conditions than I ever anticipated. There have been many changes during the past forty years, but I find the same old familiar Pacific swell, and the same familiar fresh North-east Trades. I think that probably the ocean has been the same for hundreds of thousands of years, and I contrast this with the changing shores.

I have been trying to learn to play Mah Jong, which is a very old Chinese game. It was first taken up by the English clubs in China, and with certain modifications has become quite popular. The game was given me by one of my friends, and is quite expensive, partly owing to the outfit required. Some Mah Jong sets, I understand, are worth one or two thousand dollars, mainly on account of the beautiful lacquered and brass-bound box in which the counters are kept. The game requires skill, and is quite interesting. It is a very popular gambling game in China. As might be expected in a game invented by the most patient people in the world,

who are much addicted to form and ceremony, the rules are necessarily technical, and a rapid-fire American is inclined to eliminate a good deal of the "mumbo-jumbo" business, and get down to the real merits of the game. I will report later more fully my opinion on this subject. At present I can only say that it is a good game for the idle rich, and more particularly for charming ladies who have pretty hands, which they have frequent opportunity to display, and besides, ladies find the Oriental names of the tiles appeal to them. They learn various and sundry counts and can recite many rules, and the technique is attractive, and these combinations are frequently mistaken for real skill.

We have a large number of widows among our passengers—divided into grass, sod, and clover varieties: the latter being those whose husbands are at home working for them.

XXII

Japan and the Japanese

December 20, 1922.

THE day we left Honolulu I received a ninety-two-word wireless message from one of our Japanese customers, the concluding paragraph reading, "Being on tiptoe in expectation to meet you again." The wireless rate must have been about seventy-five cents per word, and the message was filled with expressions of pleasure at the honor of meeting us again.

I had met Mr. Harada, the sender of this message, once or twice in Pittsburgh, and my recollection is that I said, "How do you do?" asked him to take a seat, offered him a Ginita cigar, and indicated that I was a very busy man; and I don't think our interview lasted more than five minutes.

Mr. Harada came from Osaka to meet us at Yokohama on our arrvial, bringing with him three of his associates, to show us proper deference. During our entire stay he and his friends did everything that was possible to give us a good time, constantly showing us the most courteous attention, and the only reason that they did not do more for us than they did was because we would not permit it. Mr. Robinson has described the very excellent dinner which they gave us. They gave me a business luncheon also of ten courses, and invited the principal glass buyers in Japan to be present. I was nominally the host, and gave away the lacquer boxes and bowls, with the decorator's autograph on them, and other presents, and when I attempted to pay for them I was told that this was contrary to Japanese custom. We met and enjoyed the company of three genuine Japanese gentlemen, and the younger brother of Mr. Iwai, one of our hosts, attended the same school—Dummer Academy, Byfield, that I attended when I was a boy. He is now at Cambridge University.

There is a great contrast between the way in which we receive Japanese in the United

States and the way in which they receive American visitors in Japan. I have resolved that in the future I shall not be so much outdone in courtesy as I have been in the past; and while I am writing on the subject of courtesy, I would observe that if I am ever in the United States Congress, I will propose an act compelling prospective globe tourists from the United States to take an elementary course in courtesy and how to conduct themselves when in foreign countries.

Mr. Hara, one of the wealthy Japanese, threw open his beautiful grounds and gardens for the benefit of our party. One enterprising American went up to the front door and pulled it ajar, in order to see what was going on inside. Having in mind the feminine equality and liberty given to the fair sex, a charming young damsel of about thirty did not propose to be outdone in investigating the homes of the Japanese, so she crawled a few feet on her hands and knees over the veranda and slid aside one of the French windows, so as to get a better view of the interior of the house. There were very few flowers in bloom, but some of the distinguished representatives of the United States

seemed to think that these flowers were for their particular benefit, so they plucked them from the bushes and generously distributed them.

The belief of many of the tourists seemed to be that foreign countries were all developed for their special edification, and as Japanese read newspapers quite generally, I think I should like to have read some of the criticisms on the multi-millionaire Americans and the lesser rich whose type was inferentially representative of our country. One loud-mouthed hustler from Chicago went into one of the leading stores when I was there and yelled to the proprietor as though he were talking to a newsboy. The shop referred to has branches in London and New York, and the proprietor spoke three languages quite fluently. I have the impression that he is a university man. It is superfluous to say that I do not mean to cast any reflections on the large majority of our fellow passengers.

So much has been written about Japan by so many competent authorities that I am content merely to record my impressions. I have traveled a great deal and my experience is enough to justify my emphatically stating that the Japanese are independent, courteous, sensitive, and

progressive. I do not know of any other nation in the world with fifty million people so homogeneous, united and patriotic as are the Japanese. Whether we like it or not, we must recognize these people in the future.

I did not happen to see a beggar in the five large cities of Japan that I visited, although there were a few seen by some of our fellow passengers. I saw a bright little boy carried on his mother's back and I offered the mother a quarter for the child. She bowed beautifully and courteously but declined my offer. This was in one of the large department stores. I tried the same experiment three times more and in each case met the same courteous declination. I gave a small sum to the attendant at one of the temples. Promptly he turned it over to the coolie who put on our slippers. I did not find any professional beggars or hear any cries for "baksheesh," and was not annoyed by any requests for money as is so common in Europe and Western Asia.

The largest department store in Tokio, which the Japanese are very proud of, gave us quite an elaborate reception, including an interesting tea ceremony. We arrived at the store about an

hour ahead of our party. Among those who received us was a Mr. Takayanagi, one of the leading stockholders, and a man of about seventy-five years of age. He was extremely courteous, and we had a very pleasant and interesting conversation. He told me that he had reviewed for Charles Scribner's Sons one of Lafcadio Hearn's books, and had written a book himself, which was published by the same firm. He had been frequently in New York and London, and had traveled extensively over Europe. I asked him whether it was not rather unusual for a Japanese business man to be interested in books to the extent of being an author. He smiled and said, "Your Mr. Carnegie set me this example." When I complimented him on the wonderful progress that Japan had made since I was here last, he said with an air of pride that he believed and hoped that Japan would make much relative progress during the next forty years.

I did not know that cremation is practiced in Japan to the extent that it is. In the large cities about seventy-five per cent of the dead are cremated. This method is approved of by the Buddhists but frowned upon by the more ortho-

dox Shintos. The government encourages cremation, and in some cities I understand it is compulsory.

In the large railway stations I noticed three or four blackboards and found that these are provided for the convenience of passengers, their purpose being to furnish an opportunity to convey messages. Some of these were translated for my benefit. One stated that the train from Tokio being two hours late, the writer had gone to a certain office building where he could be found when his friend arrived. Several messages indicated where the writers could be found later, and one writer stated that he was unable to be present as arranged. The board is cleared every four hours.

We were fortunate in being in Japan at the beginning of the New Year, which is practically a week's holiday. I rode in a ricksha from the steamer to the hotel. There was a very cold wind blowing, and we were more protected by going through many of the streets of the poorer quarter. It was surprising to see how many Japanese flags were displayed from the houses and small stores. I do not believe there is another large city in the world where the national

holiday would be celebrated so generally. It was very evident that the Japanese were proud of their flag. I should say that about one-third of the number of Sewickleyans would show our flag on the Fourth of July, compared with the number of people in Yokohama who so freely and proudly showed their colors. In several of the parks we saw large cannons, captured from the Russians, surrounded by the usual iron railing as is common in many countries, but in the same enclosure was a large modern Japanese gun with the carriage, shells, wagon and complete equipment, and printed posters giving a full description of how the cannon was to be used and country visitors and city boys read them attentively. This seemed to me to be a very good way to arouse pride and patriotic duty among the people.

So far as I could learn it was expected that the severe liquidation in business had reached its height and was now subsiding, and while there was some improvement in business, it was indicated that no decided improvement was looked for until the last half of this year. Osaka is the leading manufacturing city of Japan and is frequently referred to as a second Pittsburgh.

I can say with confidence that I can never tell how much of an English conversation is understood by a Japanese. They are somewhat reluctant about using English, but as a Chinese would say, "they savee plentee." Two of our Japanese friends made some very excellent speeches at the dinner we attended. I cannot understand our prejudice against the Japanese, and our fear of a war with Japan. We buy eighty per cent of the Japanese silk exported; we are Japan's best customer, our fleet is much more powerful, our resources incomparably superior, our population much greater; we are separated by thousands of miles of ocean. What could Japan expect to gain by a war with us? Self-interest alone would prompt her to cultivate cordial relations with the United States, but I am confident that the Japanese wish to be friendly with us, and that they realize that their powerful neighbors on the west, Russia and China, may be their real enemies, but Japan has more to gain by peace and commercial development than from war.

I am an admirer of the Japanese, they have kept their treaty obligations under trying conditions, they are brave, courteous and progress-

ive, they have been unduly and unfavorably criticized.

One common deprecatory statement frequently made is that the Japanese lack commercial honor. For many centuries the classes in Japan were nobles—soldiers, farmers, fishermen, artisans, merchants, pariahs, their relative importance being indicated in the order named. The traders were looked down upon, and there was no inducement to cultivate or extend commercial relations until quite recently. The Japanese have felt the reproach on their honesty, and are doing all that they can to improve their reputation.

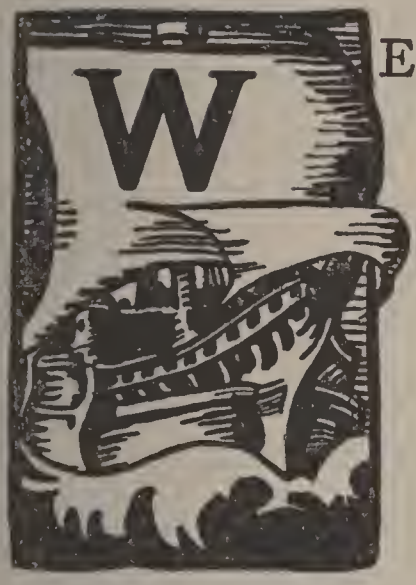
As evidencing the alleged dishonesty of the Japanese, it has been frequently stated that they were compelled to employ Chinese cashiers. The truth is that the Chinese are competent, honest, and reliable, and economical to employ, but for many years the large European and American firms also have employed Chinese compradors and shroffs to handle their money and pay local bills. The number of Chinese employed by the Japanese firms is steadily decreasing. On this subject it seems fair to say that the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company dur-

ing the past five years has sold several million dollars' worth of glass in Japan and we have never lost a dollar or had a claim made upon us.

XXIII

Forty Years After

January 21, 1923.



E have just left Japan and China, and I am recording a brief summary of my impressions of these countries after an absence of forty years.

During the period referred to above, Japan has become one of the important civilized countries of the world. I could see very little change in the Chinese so far as I had the opportunity of judging. I am credibly informed that the women no longer compress their feet, and I think there are many educated and influential Chinese, presumably trying to develop their country, but I got the impression that most of these gentlemen are endeavoring to increase their own power and prestige. The Chinese, however, remain unchanged. The same unsanitary conditions are found in the inner city of Shanghai that existed forty years

ago; the same smells, the same slops, the same overcrowding, and that awful struggle for existence are everywhere in evidence. In Hongkong the Sikh policemen and the Chinese policemen thrash and kick the coolies and ricksha-men as they did forty years ago. With the possible exception of India, with which country I am entirely unacquainted, I doubt if there is another race of people in the whole world which would stand being treated as the Chinese are by the foreigners. In a general way there are many beggars in China, few, if any, in Japan. The improvements made by Japan during the last twenty years in streets, docks, etc., compare favorably with any similar improvements in any part of the world. Coming down Formosa Channel I thought there were as many Chinese junks as there were in my day, but there were not as many Chinese steamers at any port where we stopped. Most of the English and Americans, to my mind, are prone to praise the Chinese, and criticize harshly the Japanese and give them as little credit as is possible. I think the reason is quite obvious, as there is no doubt but that the Japanese are becoming great commercial rivals of the British and the Americans, and

many of the encomiums bestowed upon the Chinese are for their ability as servants.

I have heard many prominent educators say that the Chinese are better scholars than the Japanese. This may be so, though I think that the subservience of the Chinese, compared with the independence of the Japanese, influences the judgment of most Americans. Anyway, I do not know of any other people who have made the same progress with their army, navy, government control and commercial enterprises, and who control the masses as well and preserve the national spirit as effectively as the Japanese.

For many years I have been predicting that a great man would be born in China, who would upbuild a great empire and unify a great nation, and I still believe that my prediction will be verified, although the present outlook is discouraging. General apathy, lack of sympathy between different provinces, not having a spoken language in common, and the individual ambitions and selfishness of the Chinese leaders all militate against any early fulfillment of my prophecy. The world has frequently produced a great leader when one was needed, but at

present the great god Billiken should occupy the most prominent place in every Chinese joss house. The Chinese have a wonderful faculty for patient endurance, and for boycotting.

We had a very interesting visit at Formosa, or Taipeh, as the Japanese now call their island. As was evident in Taihoku, the capital of Taipeh, and in several cities in Japan, the Japanese have been so strongly influenced and impressed by German methods that several commissions have been appointed by the Japanese Government to carefully investigate. The new municipal building at Taihoku would compare favorably with any commercial capital of similar importance. The railway from Keelung to Taihoku has good equipment, and apparently is well operated. The people are very courteous, and so far as I could see were as well satisfied and contented as any people in the world.

Let me relate a personal incident, illustrating Japanese independence: We had a Japanese guide, who was very attentive and assisted us in shopping, changing our money for us out of his own pocket, and was very painstaking in endeavoring to carry out the wishes of our

party, even when we wanted a small toy doll. When we arrived back at the station after having been three or four hours in his company I offered him a dollar, as is quite customary. With great courtesy he declined to take any gratuity, saying that he was a Japanese student, and that he was only too pleased to give his time in showing his distinguished visitors anything of interest that there was in Taihoku.

We went to one of the large camphor factories, and the operation was very interesting. The Monopoly Bureau of the Formosan Government controls the monopoly of camphor, opium, salt and tobacco on the island. Opium is chiefly imported from India in a raw condition, and is prepared into paste of different grades in the factory owned by the Bureau. Camphor and camphor oil in the crude state are brought down from the hills and refined in the factory. According to the published statistics the total consumption of camphor in the whole world is twelve million pounds, nine million pounds of which are produced in Taipeh, about six million pounds being used in the manufacture of celluloid.

The greatest change in Hongkong that I saw

was due to the increase in population; and one of the chief improvements that I noticed was the roads. I do not know of any better roads in the world. In many places it was necessary to blast through solid rock. I am told that Hongkong is a flourishing Colony, and sends home to the British Government about one million pounds per year, but the higher authorities were persuaded to use a large amount of money for new roads. The best real estate is worth from six thousand to eight thousand dollars per foot front, and room to expand is needed.

One of the greatest surprises I have had this trip was in finding the best hotel rooms in the world in the new hotel at Repulse Bay, at Hongkong. I except royal suites and state apartments. The rooms were large, with high ceilings, tastefully furnished, and better arranged than any other hotel with which I am acquainted. On entering one of these standard rooms, you find on one side of the entrance wardrobes for ladies and on the other side wardrobes for gentlemen, with proper racks for trunks, etc., thermos bottles on one of the smaller tables, and excellent reading lights over the bed. The bathroom has large windows for

ventilation, is nearly as large as any stateroom on the *Laconia,* and is equipped with all the latest sanitary requirements that would be expected in any bathroom. At the other end of the room was a smaller room, in which there was a lounge and a table for reading, with large French windows for ventilation, and with a delightful outlook. The regular price for one of these rooms is sixteen Mexican dollars per day, or about nine dollars in our money. I have stayed at every large hotel in Atlantic City, including the old Rudolph, but I want to say that I never before had such a good room as I saw at Repulse Bay Hotel, and I never saw one that was as large and comfortable for anything like the money I should have had to pay in Hongkong.

We were all very much disappointed at our inability to visit Canton, but there was a small revolution at that point. Firing was reported in the streets, and we were advised that it was strongly against the wish of the American Consul that our party should go there.

We expect to arrive at Manila tomorrow, and for the next thirty days our weather report will in all probability be, "warm and moist."

XXIV

Filipinos and Prohibition

January 24, 1923.

MUCH to my surprise and horror, I found there was no attempt made to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment in the Philippines, notwithstanding the American flag flies over our eastern insular possessions. I cannot understand how some of the ardent prohibitionists, with their firm determination to reform the whole world, overlooked the Philippines. I believe that there was some provision made in the so-called Jones Act, leaving it to the Filipinos to pass their own laws regarding local

issues. I heard, however, that many Americans in the East think that Jones was a real statesman.

Those of my friends who are familiar with my preference for retiring early, will be surprised to know that I stayed up until after two o'clock in the morning investigating the Manila cabarets, which are great attractions to the visitors. The finest and largest cabaret is the Santa Anna. Here the large dancing hall was divided by a small rail partition, about two feet high, separating the Europeans from the natives—all people, however, being free and equal so far as enjoying the excellent music was concerned. Most of the life and the best dancing seemed to be on the Filipino side of the fence. Recognizing the preponderance of bachelors and unattached men in Manila, the management provide fifteen or twenty girls who would dance with any person upon payment of twenty centavos, or ten cents in our own money. These girls were very good dancers, dressed modestly, and conducted themselves with propriety, but were careful to collect the money after each dance. Their duennas were sitting on the side lines—not so much for chaperonage, but to make sure the girls took

home all the money they received. The second cabaret was devoted entirely to the exclusive use of the Filipinos, although I did not understand that Europeans were barred. Dancing is evidently very popular, and competent judges stated that the music was good at all the cabarets. The other cabaret was chiefly intended for the use of soldiers and sailors. A petty officer and two assistants were detailed to enforce order if necessary. The boys all seemed to be having a very good time. Notwithstanding that there was a bar in the building, and good liquors obtainable at reasonable prices, I did not see any one in any of the cabarets under the influence of liquor.

As to the value of the Philippines and their probable future, I heard so many different opinions that I was unable to come to any satisfactory conclusion. I have always thought that these Islands one day would make more trouble than they are worth. In view of the expressed and ample promises that we have made, I do not see how we can indefinitely withhold independence, as a century might elapse before the Filipinos would become educated up to the required American standard.

Obviously I am not qualified by a visit of forty hours to analyze competently the economic, religious or political conditions in the Philippines. My friend, Bishop Mitchell, to whom I reported my satisfactory investigation of the cabarets, and emphasized their orderly condition, notwithstanding the moderate use of liquor, asked me if I visited the missionaries and familiarized myself with their excellent work. As to the missionaries—the deponent sayeth naught. I did visit one old church, that had a remarkable organ—the pipes being all made of bamboo, and the tone was pronounced very sweet by good judges of music.

Before reaching Batavia, I gave an address on Java and the Eastern Islands to a select gathering of our fellow passengers. My friends were kind and appreciative, and all remained until I finished. I talked rapidly for fifteen minutes, and if I had had a competent stenographer present I might have recorded quite a long letter on Java, but I fear that I am too selfish to devote much time to letter writing, and I do not write as readily as I did in my younger days.

Java, like China, seemed to me to have changed comparatively little in the past forty

years. The breakwater at Batavia, or rather at Tanjong Priok, the port, had been greatly improved, and some new and imposing buildings have been erected; and Batavia is much more healthy than it was, due to improved sanitary methods.

We greatly enjoyed our visit to the famous botanical gardens at Buitenzorg. I was very sorry that my friend Elliott was not with us, to explain graphically and call our attention to the wonderful flowers, plants, trees and vines that we saw. As a layman I could admire and appreciate the orchids and the fine rare trees, but I am not sufficiently capable as a botanist to attempt a full description, and I have what I suppose may be a common reluctance to attempt to describe one of the great and well-known gardens of the world, about which many authors have written books, articles and pamphlets. I could never write of the majestic Andes, the beautiful Riviera, the Bay of Naples, and I shall not attempt any description of the Taj Mahal. Too many eyes and too many appreciative observers before me have made attempts to do justice to great subjects —too many have fallen far short in their effort.

The Museum at Batavia contains the finest collection of the kind in the world—one room filled with Buddhas, centuries old, but most of them in an excellent state of preservation; a wonderful exhibit of native art and craft—weapons, ornaments, and idols from the Far East; fine samples of native Batik work, and hundreds of Malay crisses, the common weapon of the Malay. One diamond in the hilt of the criss of a deceased Sultan of Lombok was valued at sixty thousand guilders—twenty-four thousand dollars—and many of the crisses of bygone years were so richly studded with jewels as to be almost priceless.

The most perceptible change that I saw in the Javanese was the increase in athletic sports. Frequently the boys were seen playing football on the school campus. The exercise seemed violent in the excessive humidity, but the boys seemed to enjoy their sport as much as the boys do in a colder climate.

Apparently the inhabitants of Java are unusually happy and contented. They seem quite satisfied to live their own lives, to continue their own customs. Their interests are narrow, mostly confined to their own village or city, and

their own community means more to them than the outside world. An intelligent Dutch merchant told me that two-thirds of the inhabitants of Java never heard of the great World War, and those who had heard of it cared little about it.

The Dutch are the most successful nation in the world in governing colonies. It is a great feat for a little nation like Holland to control and manage one hundred million people of alien races on the other side of the globe. On this subject I could write a chapter.

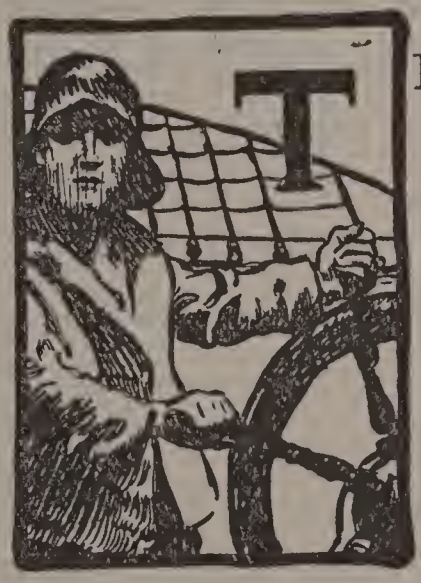
After the Bishop's hint, I did devote a little time to the spiritual status of the Javanese. The Dutch have never attempted to interfere with the religion of their subject nations, and have rather discouraged missionaries. Java contains large and remarkable ruins of old Buddhist temples, and twelve hundred years ago Buddhism flourished and was universally believed in. Later Brahmanism was adopted by the people quite generally, and four or five hundred years ago Mohammedanism drove out the earlier faiths of the people. They have run the gamut of all Oriental religions of importance, and seem to have become apathetic and "fed-up" on all

religions. Even the Salvation Army gets few recruits. The natives make little difference between Sundays and week days. I saw very few new mosques, temples or churches, and very few worshipers at any time. Crimes of violence are unknown—the people are temperate and free from criminal instincts, but the Dutch punish offenders severely, although justly. Maybe Java is a promising field for missionaries, but I think not.

XXV

The Hindus
As They Seem to an Ordinary Traveler

February 10, 1923.



THE Victoria Memorial at Calcutta is one of the finest, if not the finest, building that I have ever seen. In my opinion its merits have never been justly recognized. The British are poor advertisers, but so far as I am able to judge good architecture, the Memorial Building is entitled to great praise. Our guide said that it was the Taj Mahal of Calcutta, and that when we saw the real Taj Mahal we would forget the Memorial; if so the Taj Mahal will even exceed our expectations.

Our time was limited at Calcutta, but we saw the Jain Temple, which was designed by an Italian architect, with some Indian innovations.

It is more beautiful than most of the temples I have seen, and has more fine mosaic work, with the usual temple ornaments of gold, silver and jewels. There were quite a number of pillars decorated with colored pot metal glass cut in small pieces, interspersed with pieces of shock mirrors about a half inch in width and two and one-half inches in length. At home this would cost about forty cents per square foot completed, and there was a marked contrast, as is usual in India, between this tawdry decoration and the expensive jewels and silver work.

The donor of the Jain Temple was somebody Dass Bahudur—a rich Hindu merchant, and the cost must have been great. We were invited to visit the house of this Bahudur and see his large and fine collection of jewels. We climbed three flights of stairs, the walls were as dirty and unpainted as you would find in a Bleeker Street tenement, the blinds were old, the surroundings were squalid, and yet in a room on the fourth floor we found a most magnificent collection of jewels. Various small members of the Dass family stared at us through the blinds with a mild curiosity, but they had the same unhappy appearance that their poorer

brethren had—none of the light-hearted cheerfulness that we saw in Hawaii, Japan and Manila. Why a multi-millionaire should live in such surroundings and apparently enjoy them is a mystery to me. The Hindus seem insensible to what we consider the fitness of things, and apparently delight in striking contrasts and peculiar incongruities.

In the Botanical Gardens we saw the great banyan tree, covering an acre of ground. The limbs put forth tendrils, which are protected by hollow bamboo tubes until they reach the ground, when they root, and the main tree continues to grow and expand.

It is hardly worth while to record the well-known objects of interest in Calcutta that we saw. We proceeded quite promptly on our two days' trip to Benares, which was the most comfortable railroad journey of four hundred miles that I have ever made. Our cars were new, and Mr. Robinson and I had one compartment, which had four windows and two doors on each side, so that we had a fine view of the country through which we passed. The berths were about eight inches wider than those in our Pullman cars. There was a comfortable leather

upholstered chair at the foot of each berth, two large electric fans for comfort and to keep the mosquitoes away, and six fine electric lights by which we could read easily. The windows had blinds which could have been easily handled by a child of ten years, and it was unnecessary to send for a porter and jack screw to open the windows. The roofs of the cars had been cooled by water sent through a hose and liberally used on the tops of the cars. I thought of the many hours I have spent on the superheated cars in the summer between Pittsburgh and Sewickley, and if I ever leave a large amount of money to charity, I will make a liberal bequest to the Pennsylvania Railroad to cool their suburban cars in a similar way. Our toilet room was about twice the size of that furnished by the Pullman Company, and we had a covered bath-tub and plenty of cool running water. Our towels were twenty-four inches by thirty-six inches, and there was an ample supply. A framed map under glass enabled us to see where we were and where we were going. The size of our compartment outside of the toilet room was six feet wide by twelve and one-half feet long. A stationary table was between our two

berths, with a good mirror over the table. The toilet room was all wainscoted with tiles, and above the wainscot was painted a fine white ivory tint, with a glossy cream surface.

If our experience is a fair sample of the comfort of traveling on railroads in India, visitors have nothing to fear. When our government takes over the railroads I shall recommend that a Congressional Committee make a careful inspection of the East Indian Railroads. The cost of our compartment was about the same as we pay for a drawing room from Pittsburgh to New York.

One of our personal conductors, who is a very well-informed man, makes the statement that Benares is the oldest city in the world having the same race of people, and I doubt if the inhabitants have changed materially, and their prominent characteristics are likely to be the same five thousand years hence.

For many years I have felt that India was one of the last places in the world I cared to visit, and I had little admiration for the Hindus. Closer acquaintance has fully confirmed my original impressions. The many colored costumes of the people, the many temples and mosques

on the banks of the Ganges, and the constantly changing crowds are spectacles that are well worth seeing. The bathing ghats should be seen once, but they arouse feelings of disgust when witnessed by a civilized person. The burning ghats are within a few feet of the bathers on either side, little attention being paid to the burning bodies by the unsympathetic Hindus. Some of the richer natives came to the baths in sedan chairs, and were screened somewhat when performing their ablutions. The sewers of Benares empty into the river at frequent intervals, and, so far as I could judge, it was considered good etiquette to leave fourteen inches vacant space on each side of the sewer. Beyond this limit the religious natives bathed in the usual manner, cleaning their teeth and rinsing their mouths repeatedly with the sacred water. A dead cow floating past received no attention whatever, and while we were there the dead body of a man was thrown into the river a few feet from the bathers. We were informed that all children under six years of age are thrown into the river; and all those who die of contagious disease, those who are too poor to pay for proper burning, and a certain

sect, the Sennasees, throw their bodies into the river irrespective of age or condition.

Each Hindu, after his last hair-cut, leaves a lock of long hair on the back of his head, so that god number 547 can readily yank him to the Elysian fields. When the body is burned the hair naturally burns first, and I wondered what its practical utility could be, but I cannot comprehend Hindu religious logic. However, as Steinmetz says, "Faith is not scientific." Now an Indian scalp might be practical.

My faith in the germ theory of disease was somewhat shattered. I made inquiries of three doctors as to how such a large number of people can keep up this bath practice for many years. One doctor said that the hot sun killed many of the microbes, and was the best purifier known. Another said the natives had become comparatively immune to typhoid and cholera. The third doctor stated it was supposed that there was some strong disinfectant in the river. Our Mohammedan guide gave what seemed to me the most rational explanation. He said, "These people are like vultures, they can eat and drink anything." Benares is the most sacred, and, in many respects, the most typical of the Indian cities,

and I was intensely interested in what I saw there, but my interest was mingled with a profound contempt for the Hindus. The manager of the hotel told me that a certain native in Benares was educated in England, and was at Cambridge University for three years. Almost immediately upon returning to the Holy City he sought the river, and getting a good location close to a sewer, proceeded to perform the usual devotions with an ardor that indicated his unbroken faith in his traditional belief. What you can expect to do with millions of such ignorant and superstitious people I do not know.

It is estimated that there are five millions of regular beggars in India, and about the same number of people who are constantly making pilgrimages to the various shrines. When you consider the time wasted in bathing and devotions, the economic loss is evident. A so-called Monkey Temple had many worshipers. Adjoining the temple is a large open tank filled with dirty running water, in which the Hindus take holy baths and rinse out their mouths—and the monkeys join in the drinking. So far as I could ascertain, the tank had not been cleaned for many years. The dirt and filth

around most of the temples is almost unbearable.

When I was a boy and went gunning it was always difficult to get near a crow—those birds being keen, wary and suspicious. In India the crows almost get under feet and you can easily get within a short distance of any of them. John Burroughs says that birds and animals follow instinct only and do not reason, being only creatures of habit, but some Indian crow somehow, sometime, did adopt different habits than those of his European and American cousins.

The bull is sacred—the cows are very sacred, but while the bullocks are semi-sacred I saw the drivers of the carts beating the godlike bullocks quite freely. I asked my Hindu guide to explain if it was good form to lick a god. He replied, "Bullock not all the same as cow," and this was the only deference to the feminine sex that I saw in India.

At six-thirty in the morning we left the hotel for the ghats, and in passing through one of the principal streets we saw such a sweet, simple, pastoral scene that I am tempted to describe it. On the covered front veranda of the residence of one of the interpreters, slept, or reclined on

a slightly elevated bed, the head of the family; the household goat was quietly chewing his cud within a few feet of the bed; the family flock of chickens were actively running around and under the bed; the sanctified cow was just across the sidewalk; a few "miners," a bird akin to the crow, flopped around on the floor; the god-like monkeys had not yet arisen, but would likely be around later. Now here was touching simplicity—combined with practical economy. No necessity for the Hindu owner to have an expensive country place—he had all the odors and filth of a badly kept barnyard right at home. I used to admire Walt Whitman's lines in his "Blades of Grass," when he says substantially, "Would that I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid, so self-contained—they do not sweat and whine about their condition, etc." After observing the Hindu's intimate association with animals I have no desire to cultivate any closer relations with them.

It is impossible for me to express sufficiently my admiration for the British rule in India. How a mere handful of people ten thousand miles away can successfully govern three or four hundred million people for nearly two centur-

ies is almost inconceivable and worthy of admiration. The control of the British is a great blessing to the Hindus. It is awful to contemplate what would happen if the British lost their supremacy in India. The contempt that the Mohammedans have for the Hindus is manifest to the most casual observer; the hatred of the Hindus for the Mohammedans is equally evident. The mosques erected on the remains of the Hindu temples are irritating to the inferior race. Law and order, and what comfort there is in India, is due largely to the capable control of the English and the justice for which they are noted. They understand the weakness of the natives and the complicated conditions in India, but taking everything into consideration, they are accomplishing an Herculean task with great credit and ability. In Rangoon, where the Buddhists are inclined to be turbulent, the British for several years, it is said, have had their cannon trained on the famous Shwe'-Dagon Pagoda, which is the pride of the Burmese, and the restraining influence of the big guns is greater than that of ten thousand troops.

The latent possibilities of trouble in India are well realized, and the cunning and cruelty of

the Hindus are shown in their faces and actions, —servile, cunning, superstitious, I find little to admire in this generation. Years ago I saw the New Guinea cannibals at close range. I have been among the South Sea Islanders, the New Zealand Maoris, and the Zulu Kaffirs. Many of these people have never had a chance in the world, but with the exception of the cannibals I found them all more worthy of respect than the Hindus. My pity for the poverty and suffering of these people was more than offset by my contempt. They are cowardly, superstitious, lacking the sympathy and cheerfulness of the Japanese, Filipinos, or the Malays. We think the Filipinos incapable of self-government. It will be centuries before the Hindus are as well qualified as the Filipinos to govern themselves, and India was the cradle of civilization. The inhabitants are educated compared with the people of many other countries. The English have spent millions for educational institutions, but to little avail. I recognize the loyalty and soldier-like qualities of the Gurkhas and Sikhs, and I am sure that the Mohammedans are superior to the Buddhists, but I write of what I have seen and read of the Bur-

mese, Bengalese and Benares natives. I gave a dollar once for missionary work in India. I hereby formally repent, and never will repeat my offense. I would sooner subscribe to a fund to melt the polar icebergs so far as obtaining practical results is concerned. Let us give our money to assist our fellow citizens of African descent; let us aid the foreigners in New York —we may make Christians and good citizens out of these people, but the Hindus—Selah.

With my well-known proclivity for religious literature I bought a book on Benares, by the Rev. C. Phillips Cape—a chaplain, and later for many years a prominent missionary in India. I find myself in accord with the contempt this author manifests for the Hindus, and with some of his sentiments on the missionary efforts. I venture to make several quotations, with due credit to the author.

"Benares has more idols than inhabitants, notwithstanding that the city has over two hundred thousand inhabitants."

In 1799, Mr. Davies, Magistrate at Benares, defended successfully his home and family against more than two hundred natives. He was armed only with a spear. This fact is

recorded on the outside of a large house belonging to the Maharajah of Benares. I infer the British gave the marble slab for the record, and hinted gently that the inscription would have their approval. The author does not praise the bravery of the noble Hindu.

"We may, however, frankly confess that converts are seldom won from Islam," page 104. This confirms a similar statement made to me by a missionary in Cairo ten years ago.

"The 'Doms' are very low caste, and are engaged as scavengers and burners of the dead. When these people come to us for baptism their motives are not unmixed—they desire to flee from hunger and oppression—think the missionary can help them, that he has bread enough and to spare." Now it is quite plausible that the good missionary can pick up a few thousand converts from the classes mentioned.

Rev. Mr. Cape stated that there were eighty-two thousand deaths in one week from plague.

"One day, in my own house, a low-caste man refused to lift a heavy piece of matting because a lower-caste man was touching it at the other end."

"A missionary found a lad starving in a village

in famine time. No one was helping him, and he was afraid to ask for help. He was a Hindu, and they were Hindus, but he belonged to another village; he was Brahman, and they were all low-caste folk."

"An old man was dying on the banks of the Ganges. He was lying prone on the ground, weak with age and a dreadful disease. No one moved to help him. He was a man of high caste, and they feared to approach him. He might have cursed them had they touched him."

After four or five thousand years the Hindus have evolved this wonderful "caste" system. Oh, what a people—and they have such inscrutable, mysterious minds. They cradled theosophy, and some of them even have vague ideals —but to me they are uninteresting. Perhaps I must cultivate a better mental attitude. I like to be charitable, tolerant and sympathetic, but the Buddhists have chased me off my reservation, and I am strong for the good old hymn, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

The author knew his India. If I had time I could fill a volume on this subject, but it is late —so good night.

XXVI

Cruise Letters Continued

March 7, 1925.

N the road to and from Kandy we often met elephants, and at night when returning home after a day's work it was quite common to see these elephants carrying quite a large piece of timber as firewood for their drivers—this privilege presumably being one of the prerogatives of the mahout.

The Galle Face Hotel is among the best of those in the Far East.

Ceylon is not far distant from Goa, the first European settlement in India, and you find frequent traces of Portuguese influence, and Portuguese names are not uncommon. We saw several little Catholic churches and schools in among the cocoanut groves; and when I asked about the owners of the pigs that I saw running

around loose our chauffeur told us, in a most contemptuous tone, that they belonged to Catholics. A little farther up the East Coast at Malabar is found the remains of a Jewish colony of some ten thousand, who settled there A. D. 8, after the destruction of the second temple. They were received with tolerance, and have kept their ancient traditions intact through these many centuries, although their numbers are greatly decreased, and the enervating climate has weakened this hardy race. There are stone tables extant on which is engraved the proclamation of one of the Emperors of Malabar, giving these Jews special privileges.

My letters home are hurriedly written, and I do not keep any copy of them, but I have an indistinct remembrance that I recently made some mild criticism of the Buddhists. Since then I am pleased to observe, as I always try to be fair in my criticism, I have found the Cingalese Buddhists are much superior to those whom we saw in Burmah. They are much cleaner, happier, and I think holier. The Temple of Buddha's Tooth that we saw in Kandy was clean and attractive, the worshipers seemed more sincere and reverent, the priest

was a courteous, educated gentleman; and had a fine library of old Buddhist manuscripts, written on the inside bark of the tehpot palm, that lasts hundreds of years; also many books on the Buddhist religion, written in English and French. The priest read me several extracts from his religious books, and I cordially endorsed all the sentiments that he translated. He gave me his card written on palm bark, with the same kind of a long, sharp, steel pointed pen that his original manuscripts were written with. The pen or instrument makes sharp indentations, which are filled in with a compound, something similar to lamp black as a basis. This is rubbed down with a clean rag, and the writing remains clear and distinct.

I could not refrain from referring to the dirt and superstition of the Bengalese and Burmese. The priest, who spoke perfect English, smiled with a rather superior air but courteous manner, and indicated that he thought I was not very polite. I appreciated his quiet rebuke, and gave a few extra rupees to his temple, and we saw a photograph of the famous tooth—but the original is exhibited only on rare ceremonial occasions. I left Ceylon with much more re-

spect and reverence for the Buddhists than I ever had before.

I was always very desirous of visiting Colombo, and my expectations were more than realized. With the possible exception of Java, Ceylon is undoubtedly the most fertile island in the world. I know of no country that has such rich luxuriant trees, shrubs, plants and flowers, and the unusually good agricultural land is everywhere evidenced. The tea and rubber plantations were flourishing, and in the beautiful botanical gardens we saw the nutmeg, cinnamon and clove trees—all with fruit. At this season of the year Colombo has a very good climate, and, while the thermometer registered in the early nineties, there was a good circulation of fresh, invigorating air.

Captain Brown, of the *Laconia,* had a fine high-powered French automobile loaned him, and he invited me to go with him on one of the most beautiful and interesting trips conceivable. We left early in the morning and rode about one hundred miles to Kandy by an indirect route. The scenery was grand and beautiful, the near-by mountains were seven thousand feet high, and we made a constant succession of

curves looking over fertile valleys and up heavily wooded mountains, frequently crossing a clear, rushing river. We passed through many tea and rubber plantations. The tea shrubs are only two or three feet high, with strong thick roots, partly above ground. The recently increased prices for tea and rubber have made Ceylon very prosperous. For a hundred-mile automobile ride I give the Columbia River Boulevard first mention. The wonderful roads and scenery around Rio de Janeiro are a close second—the Corniche Road from Nice to Monte Carlo is a gem, but this Ceylon drive is easily in the same class as the famous drives just named. I can imagine that there are automobile roads around the harbor of Sydney, N. S. W., that are unsurpassed, but automobiling was unknown when I was last there. Our three days in Ceylon were, in many respects, the most interesting and enjoyable that we have had.

It seems fitting to comment on the modesty of the Hindus as well as on that of all of the Orientals whom we have seen. We have witnessed typical dances in Japan, Formosa, Manila, Java, Rangoon and Calcutta, and they are all tame compared with the dancing in most

of our American clubs. To be sure I only watched the Javanese two hours, and they may have got wound up later, but when I left there was the same weird, monotonous music of the gammelong, or native band, as when they started, and the slow decorum of the dancing was as unobjectionable as the dancing I saw in Seville when the boys dance before the high altar. There is a tremendous contrast between the modest Oriental dancing and the dances you see in Cairo and Constantinople.

There is more exposure in the surf at Atlantic City in the summer time than we saw at Benares, and the Hindus seem adepts at bathing in their clothes. I have not seen any of the leering, suggestive looks in India that are so common in large cities in more civilized countries. Male modesty is even noticeable, and while this quality in both sexes is so apparent, so far as I know it has not been commented upon by writers or observers. I confirmed my impressions by several competent authorities who related several anecdotes illustrating their experiences.

Tomorrow we start for the Taj Mahal, and I shall not attempt any description of this noted

building. Like Senator Pratt, I may say "me too," but if I am disappointed I shall say naught, and I shall not try to gild the rose if my expectations are realized. We have two special trains for Agra and Delhi, and live in the cars for five nights—a hard trip, and one I would omit if I ever expected to return to India, or if I were not so anxious to see the famed memorial of Shah Jehan.

XXVII

Delhi, Agra and Bombay

March 10, 1923.

IT is worthwhile to journey to India for the privilege of visiting Delhi and Agra alone, even if the beautiful Taj Mahal were not at Agra.

I was surprised at the extent and magnificence of the so-called forts at Delhi and Agra, containing many of the palaces, mosques and tombs of the Mohammedan régime. The Pearl Mosque is a wonderful structure, and the simplicity and strength of the Mohammedan architecture aroused my admiration. I always regarded the riches and power of the Mogul Emperors as an Oriental romance, but I found that their splendors had not been exaggerated. They had many commendable qualities which were proof of their executive ability and bravery, and Shah

Jehan was one of the great builders of the world.

Notwithstanding my previous statement I cannot refrain from paying a brief tribute to the wonderful Taj Mahal, with its majestic pearliness. Even Pierre Loti with his great literary ability was unable to do the Taj Mahal justice. I could exhaust all the applicable adjectives that I know of and yet not express my enthusiastic admiration. Ferguson, the noted English architectural writer, said that this is the most beautiful sepulchre in the world. To me it was the most beautiful building I ever saw, and the surroundings were perfect. A visit to the Taj Mahal is an event that will always be indelibly impressed on the memory.

Again I wish to offer tribute to the British. In India the British Government maintains "rest houses" for the accommodation of travelers where hotels would not pay. These are usually conveniently situated, with consideration for comfort, quiet and scenery. We stopped at one for light refreshments. It was neat, pretty, and well kept; the rooms were large, comfortable, and with good beds, all for fifty cents per night —seventeen cents in our money. The Complaint and Recommendation Book was open to

all patrons, and the rest houses are inspected frequently by Government Officials.

On going over the Fort at Delhi the great mutiny was brought frequently to my attention. Nine thousand British recaptured Delhi, being opposed by forty thousand native troops—many of whom were mutineers, English trained, and special instructions had been given them regarding the guns and defenses of Delhi, which were then used against the rightful owners. Nearly half of the British were killed or wounded, three English generals lost their lives, including the great John Nicholson, but the British "carried on" and regained their supremacy in India. The recapture of Delhi alone was a remarkable achievement.

In Bombay, through a Parsee friend of Mr. Hart's, we were personally conducted to the Towers of Silence, and witnessed a funeral procession from a good point of view. Like most of my friends, I was quite familiar with the religion of the Parsees and their method of disposing of the dead, but I had never heard of the part that a dog plays in these ceremonies. Just before the funeral procession came to the gate a fine-looking, sleek black dog, somewhat larger than a

greyhound, which had been tied to a tree, was taken in leash by one of the attendants or under-priests and led to the gate to meet the corpse, and for a short time headed the procession. The dog is regarded as a symbol of faithfulness, and is supposed to guard the soul to the door of the towers. Our Parsee friend also said it was a common custom to admit the dog to the room where the corpse lay. White is their color for mourning, and in the procession many men held the corners of a white handkerchief as they walked. I do not know the significance of this custom. Women do not accompany the departed to the Towers of Silence.

While the Parsees are considered the richest people in the world per capita, I was told that constant intermarriage was causing deterioration in their vigor and mental process, and their numbers were steadily decreasing. More than half of the Parsees in the world live in Bombay.

The Parsees are noted for their generosity and philanthropy, and our friend took me over one of their large hospitals, which would have delighted the heart of President McCague. It was so well kept, orderly, and had all the mod-

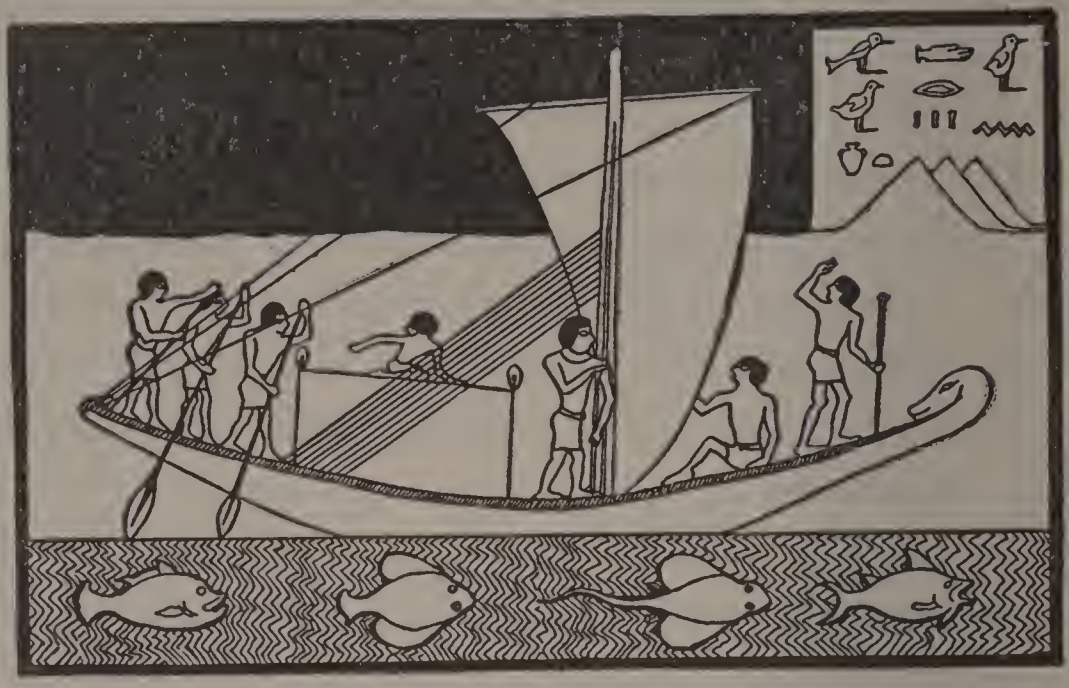
ern appliances, and would have been a creditable institution anywhere. On the blackboard indicating the physicians in attendance I noticed the names of two women. I was told that they were very clever and well educated, and that some of the Parsees have quite a high reputation as surgeons.

The Armenians control several of the large hotels in India. Their management is discourteous and penurious, and the hotels that I saw were dirty and unattractive; and to judge from the reports from various travelers, the Armenians try to squeeze every cent that is possible out of their guests and are very unaccommodating. The smaller hotels in India kept by the English are very neat and comfortable, and as good as could be expected in the smaller cities we visited.

It seemed to me that ninety per cent of the automobiles used in the Orient and India are built in America, and, much to my surprise, nearly all the prominent manufacturers were represented. There was no great preponderance of Ford cars, as there is in Havana and in many other cities. The automobile is in constant use, and the rates are reasonable. I inferred that

the American manufacturers will hold their prestige, and continue to have a large trade. I was greatly surprised at the number of bicycles used—not only by the natives but by Europeans and many women. Our Indian motorcycle was frequently in evidence, but the ordinary bicycle was of British manufacture.

For the benefit of those of my friends who contemplate a trip around the world I might say that we have not had a rainy day since leaving Hongkong, and have not had it extremely hot since leaving Java. At Agra and Delhi overcoats were commonly worn by our passengers. In a few days we are going to be in the Red Sea, and possibly we shall then have the heat and discomfort which is usually the case on this body of water.



XXVIII

Cairo and the Egyptians

March 10, 1923.

THIS is my third visit to Egypt, at intervals of ten years, and I have seen many changes in this old Oriental city. In 1902 it was quite common to see fine teams of highly bred horses with the saice, or runners, going ahead as fast as they could run, clearing the way for people of wealth and rank. These saice were clad in gaily colored uniforms and their appearance was very picturesque. We went to the Pyramids on a coach and four. Automobiles were practically unknown. I do

not remember that there was a street car system. Now the trains run regularly to the Pyramids, and the adjacent golf links. Fine horses are seldom seen, and automobiles are as common as they are in any other large city. At Shepheard's Hotel you could see Spanish grandees, Russian noblemen, German barons, and representatives of wealth of all the leading nations of the world. Now ninety per cent of the guests are American tourists, and rich Europeans are rarely seen.

We are staying at the Heliopolis Palace Hotel—one of the finest hotels in the world; good architecture, excellent and rich decorations. The hall rug is reported to have cost thirty thousand pounds, the rooms are commodious and furnished in good taste, and as the hotel is situated fifteen minutes by automobile from the center of Cairo it is very quiet. The table, I think, is better than at Shepheard's.

A Belgian company built the Heliopolis Palace, and had a large real estate investment in the vicinity. They expected to secure permission from the Government to develop a second Monte Carlo, and it is reported that the Khedive and some of his influential associates were

interested financially, and the largest stockholder was old Leopold, King of the Belgians. However, Lord Kitchener vetoed the proposed project, and the company lost a large amount of money.

The greatest change that I notice in Cairo is in the people. Formerly servile—now they are saucy, or at least very independent; there is an evident air of discontent and dissatisfaction readily emphasized if an Egyptian feels free to talk, and there is much bitterness against the English. How long this flame will smoulder I cannot predict, but I should not be surprised any time to hear of serious trouble in Egypt. The British may abandon Egypt to the Egyptians. Whether they are ready for self-government I cannot say, but they want it. My old dragoman, Ahmed Ali, says the king, the general, and all the officials take their orders each day from the English ambassador, but I think Ali is prejudiced. You see many Egyptian soldiers on the streets. They practice daily with their airplanes and they look as though they would fight. Judging from the sentiment of the people here with whom I talked, there is little sympathy for the Turks; dislike of the English,

and a strong desire for complete independence. I recall Pierre Loti's confidence in the future greatness of the Egyptians, but I would not buy their bonds.

Ali showed us with great pride a marble pillar in the Mosque of Omar, where there was the imprint of Mohammed's hand, when he brought the pillar from Mecca to Cairo in one night. I said to Ali, "You don't believe such damn nonsense do you?" Whereupon Ali replied with great solemnity, "Oh yes, Captain, I do. Did not your prophet and my prophet go to Heaven in a chariot of fire, why should you not believe that my prophet could fly with a marble pillar?". I don't know. Again I said to Ali, "I know you do not like the English or the Turks, I think you like the French." With great dignity the fine-looking Arab replied, "I tell you truly, I speak by my God, we like the American better than any other people"—and before I could puff up with pride, he continued, "They spend more money here than all the other nations put together." Many Europeans are not as frank, but they admire us for the same reason that the honest Ali does.

The American University in Cairo is a most

creditable innstitution—apparently very well managed, and likely to be of great future value for educational purposes. I was most favorably impressed with Dr. Watson as a man of force, ability and tact. I think he will succeed, and will deserve to do so. The present unpopularity of the English aids our university.

The Zoölogical Garden here is justly celebrated, and I think climatic conditions must be favorable, as the animals all seemed well and happy. There is a large and fine collection. I was always interested in the contention of John Burroughs—that animals have only instinct and never intelligence. I always supposed that a hippopotamus was particularly stupid. We saw one swimming about fifty feet away—only his eyes and ears out of water. The Arab keeper called to him by name, and in an ordinary tone of voice, when he quietly turned and came to the stone platform near where we were standing, opened his huge mouth and showed his cavernous throat, and wanted to be fed, after which the keeper quietly told him to "go away," and he went promptly and obediently. This exhibition was repeated, and I think indicated intelligence.

My travels in the Far East and revisiting

the Near East have confirmed my impressions of many years—that the Mohammedans are simple, sincere, and zealous in their belief, which is the religion best adapted to their dispositions, traditions, and social standard. As a rule they are honest, sober, just, and conform to their own code of morals, which code is good and well suited to their needs and inherited characteristics. It is likely that, as they become "civilized," they will have to change some of their customs, and modify some of their beliefs, as we have done. There has been a tremendous change in dogmas and creeds, the Turkish women will probably go unveiled, but I can remember when St. Paul's admonition to wives "to obey their husbands" was frequently quoted, and in our wedding service wives actually promised to "obey." Now they run for office, and go alone on world cruises. "The world do move."

* * * *

After having seen most important parts of the civilized world I am naturally conscious of many of our shortcomings. I realize our conceit and intolerance, but I never return to the United States without being grateful for the wonderful blessings and opportunities that we enjoy.

I am proud of being an American, and have great confidence in the good common sense of our people. May we cultivate charity, avoid extravagance, be satisfied to develop our own great country, adhere to the good, sound American principles of our forefathers, and not be unmindful of the sentiment of the Recessional.

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